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Vol. VI.

The Glory of God is Intelligence.

No. 6.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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MAJOR RICHARD W. YOUNG.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 6.

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## A WEEK IN A BOX CANYON.

THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA" PRIZE STORY.

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BY MALCOLM LITTLE, STUDENT AT THE LELAND STANFORD  
UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA.

Over the southern rim of the Great Basin lies a district of country seamed and blocked out by numerous gorges, gulches, and far-extending cliffs. Here and there among the waste of cedar-covered ridges, by a seep or spring, a rancher has built a cabin and corrals, and dug out and troughed the water for his cattle. But even these signs of human life are far apart, and one may ride for miles over interminable hills, up and down through timber and sagebrush, over sand dunes and by weary mountain skirts, without so much as crossing the track of a man. The desolation now is fatiguing, but thirty years ago, before the present population had found heart to settle there, when men of questionable character, unmolested, ranged their herds from Lee's Ferry to the Virgin river, to traverse those desert regions was to plunge into primeval solitude.

On a summer day in 18—, I was traveling on horseback through this wild country toward the little settlement of Penunk, seventy-five miles to the southeast. I was led by a desire to be-

come familiar with the intricate maze of canyon that lay, a protecting network, around my native village. A stranger in that particular locality, blindly I followed the trail, trusting it to conduct me safely. At noon I rested by a spring, ponding the water with my hands to refill my canteen and give my horse a drink, and after an hour again set forward, expecting to find no more water until next day.

The afternoon was hot. Over the infinite tumble of hills, gray or pale green, as the patches of sage or cedar predominated, the sunlight lay in a tremor of silent heat; and on all sides appeared the blue contour of other ranges. Hour after hour I spurred on through this voiceless waste, until evening set in as a relief from the day's monotony. I pitched camp under a spreading cedar, and though I had only my saddle blankets for a bed, and a meager lunch in my saddle-bags, I felt no forebodings of discomfort; the weather was warm, and the lunch would serve until I reached Penunk. As I dropped off to sleep, I could hear the rattle of the hobble-chains and the horse's hungry munching of the dry grass.

In the early morning, I was awakened by a gentle shower falling in my face. "Cool riding today," I thought, and ate what few crumbs remained of my food. When it was sufficiently light, I started to find my horse, followed his trail a short distance, where it wound among the brush, then saw he had broken his hobbles and struck off, most probably in search of water.

I pushed on two or three hours in a heavy rainfall, hoping soon to overtake him, as he would be checked by the wet grass. It became more difficult to follow the trail, and finally I was left entirely to my own instincts for guidance, and circled the country round for a possible sign. A dark sky was overhead and the clouds hung close about me. The rain had obliterated the track of my horse, and as my own likewise had been washed away, I could not return to my saddle. I was able to determine my orientation only by the trend of the gulches, which was to the south; but since about these there was a general sameness, I had to choose my way at random. At last I fell into a deep ravine and followed it, hoping thereby to leave the wild, broken uplands and find some trace of human life below.



In the middle of the afternoon, I intercepted a dim trail, in which were the hoof-prints of a shod horse, directed westward. Whether it was a stray animal or a horseman I could not tell, but from the way it held to the scarcely distinguishable path, I concluded that a rider's hand was guiding. These signs had been made since the rain. First I thought to follow them back, but was dissuaded by the probability of again losing my way when I reached the district traversed during the shower. Since a ranch might be in the immediate neighborhood, the most promising alternative was to go westward.

The trail led straight across the ridges. The country became still more gorged, the canyons deeper, the hillsides more rugged and difficult of ascent. Up hill and down I trudged along, on each summit hoping to see in the next succeeding gulch a settler's cabin; but as often as I hoped, I was disappointed. Hunger began to gnaw within, and my legs, from much climbing, to tremble with weariness. I found some ripe squawberries, but they were salty and unsatisfying. At last I sat down to rest and consider the advisability of retracing my steps, but dreading nothing so much as want and longer exposure, again I urged myself onward.

The ravines were so precipitous and rough, and the way so dangerous, that the rider had dismounted to lead his horse. From his tracks, the high heels in the moist earth, and the marks of the spur-chains, I inferred he was a cattleman. I was curious to know his business in this unpasturable region, the more since he seemed familiar with all the intricate windings of the trail, on which considerable work had been expended; and although there was little sign of travel, I was made to realize that there had been a purpose in its construction. The country was grooved with box-canyons more desolate and uninhabitable than any I had before seen.

As the sun tipped the western horizon, I stood on a narrow plateau. My heart hung heavy, and I was inexpressibly lonely, as I gazed out over the far-rolling, soundless wilderness. The horseman was several hours ahead, and unless he had stopped before this, I could never overtake him while twilight lingered. I determined, however, to make one more effort, cross over one more ridge into the canyon beyond.

Wearily I climbed to another summit and looked down into a

wide, deep valley, on the farther side of which extended a line of cliffs, forming the pedestal of still higher hills. They appeared impassable, and, since the level stretch was a fit place for a cattle-ranch, I hurried ahead, hoping to find a bed and supper in some cabin under the rocks.

I now came to the most difficult part of the trail. The descent began through a deep fissure, then led down an incline of smooth sandstone, over which, the greater part of the distance, the horse had slid, as was indicated by the markings left by his hoofs. Below were windings and short puzzling turns, and I wondered at the motive that could have induced a man to follow such a course, rather to hunt out one so intricate. By the time I was well in the valley, I was thoroughly interested in my unknown guide.

I followed up a little meadow, where cattle grazed as I passed among them, into a narrow cove that crooked around, like an arm, into the mountain I had just descended. There were corrals and pens at the head of the pasture land, and many large troughs, hewn from pine trees, full of water. But I saw no house, and began to think I was tricked out of the bed and supper for which my tired limbs had been trudging on so many hours, when, turning an elbow in the cove, I saw the black mouth of a cave, and under the overhanging rocks at the entrance a very respectable log cabin. The short grass led up to the door. I was struck with the silence of the place; no dog barked at my coming, and I saw neither cat nor chickens, the usual attendants on domestic living. Many times I had partaken of the hospitality of the ranger folk, and walked up to the house confident of a welcome and kind treatment.

I knocked, but the cliffs alone responded to my rappings. Evidently the cattleman had not made this his night's stopping place. Hunger and fatigue gave me resolution, and I pushed open the door. The smell of food met me with grateful greeting, and as I struck a match and lighted a candle, I saw on the table before me, the remnants of a recently cooked meal. Without further ceremony, I sat down and ate my fill of the pones of fresh bread, the jerked beef, and cold coffee. I was too tired to be very inquisitive, or care much whose house I was in, besides, I had been drenched during the day, and the night chill crept to the bone. The

sight of a bed of Navajo blankets drove out all thought of propriety, and, my damp clothes off, I was soon tucked down for a long, restful sleep.

The sun was only half down the opposite cliff when I awoke, although it was eight by my watch. The cave was still in shadows, and probably would so remain until after mid-day. From only one point on the horizon was the cabin visible, from the summit of the ridge to the west, the deep seclusion of the place rendering discovery quite improbable, unless one were led as I had been.

I found a full stock of provisions, and almost regretted that I had so soon again to plunge into the desert; for I was expected at Penunk, and decided, after breakfast, to take what food I could carry conveniently, with a canteen of water, and set out down the canyon, hoping to find an easy way out.

While engaged about the fire, I noticed a pair of spurs, their unusual quality attracting my attention. They were silver-mounted, and on the outside of the shank of each were the letters "T. B.," evidently the initials of the owner. To my mind flashed the name, "Tom Burley," and intuitively I looked about for danger, from some dark corner expecting to see a pistol leveled at my head. Throughout the country, Burley was known as a desperate man, a professional cattle-thief, and an outlaw. My breath came heavy, as I thought of my probable situation; for I had heard it rumored that, somewhere among the mountains to the west of Penunk, in a deep box-canyon, with only one outlet, he had his headquarters, and from there issued orders to his myrmidons between the Colorado river and the Virgin. I feared that, inadvertently, I had gotten into their stronghold, and perhaps already was spied upon or even lain for.

The spur-chains were covered with moist earth, as though they recently had been dragged over wet soil, probably producing the marks I had noticed on the trail. I looked about for further identifying evidence, and on a shelf found a penciled note, dated two days before.

"Tom," it ran, "I have brought seven 3C steers into the Den today. There's a big stir in the Sand Hills, and you'll hear from me within a week."

"BILL."

"Here's mystery enough," thought I. "Tom" clearly was Burley, and "3C" was a brand of a cattle company not ranging its stock in that direction. What the "Den" was I did not know, but the "Sand Hills" comprised a group of sage-covered dunes north of Penunk, and, as I judged, about sixty miles due east from where I then was. "Bill" must have been one of the gang, perhaps a foreman.

How now to get out of the robbers' commissary without meeting up with them face to face, and taking chances on clearing myself from the suspicion of espionage, was the problem confronting me. I could climb out the way I had entered, but a long tramp on foot through an unknown wilderness, with accompanying dangers from hunger and thirst, inspired me with greater dread than an uncertain clash with desperadoes. Besides, since the man who had served me as a guide had gone before, there must be another way out, and I resolved to follow up my first plan; take water and food, and try for an exit down the canyon.

Before leaving, I took careful note of the surroundings, went back into the wide-mouthed cave a hundred feet or more, to where the roof descended, forming a low, arched opening, and through this into a still larger expanse of subterranean darkness. A breeze blew in at the entrance, and I wondered at the direction of the air currents. As I waited, my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and before me I saw a sheet of placid water, the farther shore of which was lost in the remote shadows. I threw a stone to determine the dimensions of the lake, but the missile fell short of solid land, and sent rumbling echoes through the empty vault. In the edge of the water was a trough like those I had seen the evening before.

I should have liked to sit for hours, casting pebbles into the darkness, to listen to the echoes, had not the urgency of my situation hurried me back into the open air. In the white sandstone on both sides of the canyon, I noticed many caves, the most picturesque of which was in the cliff opposite, its mouth partly closed by a low, bushy cedar. Time, however, was too pressing for further exploration, and with a well-stowed wallet and a canteen, I set off, careful to leave as few of my tracks as possible.

I kept down the east side of the valley, along an unbroken

cliff-line, a distance of twelve miles or more, until I reached a defile, formed by the narrowing ledges. Here the bed came to a sudden drop-off, intercepted by an east-and-west-bearing fault, and I looked down on a forest of scrub cedars and numerous gorges, which, in the dim far-off, gapped a desolation of rock and desert sage. Unable to proceed farther, in the early afternoon I turned back along the west bluffs, constantly alert for a possible opening. But everywhere the same abruptness prevailed. The day wore on, and purpling shadows reached their uneven points across the level pasture land, and still my search was fruitless.

I saw many cattle, and among them some "3C" steers, blotch-branded, and with their ears close cropped. I was deep enough in herdsman's lore to know the meaning of this disfigurement of marks, and my worst fears were confirmed: I was in the "Den," but resolved, however, to return to the cabin, replenish my supplies, and, on the morrow, if no deciding fate intervened, take the trail out by which I had entered.

The stars were hanging over the box-canyon, when, dragging my weary feet, I rounded the elbow in the cove and saw the cabin—alight. I stopped, and my heart nearly did the same. But I took the heroic course, marched straight ahead, at least to get a glimpse of the unknown occupant.

The nature of the ground favored me, as the grass land reached to the mouth of the cave and around the house, thus enabling me noiselessly to approach, and with no tell-tale footprints behind. I passed through the fan of light radiating from the candle and into the darkness beyond. Since the two windows stood opposite towards one end of the cabin and the table farther back, I could see the man only at a sharp angle with the pane. From the corner, keeping well in the shadow, I looked into his face. It was Burley; I had known him in his younger days. Quietly he partook of his supper, occasionally stopping as if in meditation, supporting his chin on his left hand. His long lashes drooped, giving a peaceful cast to his oblong face.

Coming nearer, inadvertently I struck my foot against a can, which went rolling with a clatter. Instantly Burley was out of his pensive mood, his brows rose, the wings of his nose dilated, and from window to window, and then to the door, flashed his

small eyes. His hand went to his hip. A chill crept down my back into my legs, making them tremulously weak, and I drew back into the night. Had he, pistol in hand, flung open the door, I think I should have died of paralysis. I supported myself against the logs, emitting only half breaths, in dreadful expectation of a crisis. When again I hazarded a glance, Burley was less agitated, though his eye was alert, and the *pinnae* of his ears seemed quickened by apprehension. The muscles of his mouth twitched nervously, and his long, bony fingers kept up a thrumming on the table. His temples were narrow, his forehead high and swept by thin, brown hair. His small eyes, deep-set, his long, pointed nose pinched at the base, the pursed mouth, contracted upper lip, heavy chin and under jaw, and angular frame, made up a personality not inviting to friendly intercourse.

I concluded not to ask for hospitality, and left the window to seek other accommodations.

*(To be continued.)*

---

#### THEN AND NOW.

---

A song I heard in days ago,  
By other voices now was sung;  
And in my soul it thrilled a chord  
That like the wildest music rung:

We mingle here just for a day,  
Then separate each to his own;  
Our lives are parted each his way,  
And ere we know, our days are flown.

Then grasp my hand, you are my friend;  
Let us so act that when we part,  
The passing dream shall beauty lend  
To cheer your way and soothe my heart.

—Edward H. Anderson.

## SOME MISTAKES MADE WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

BY ELDER W. A. MORTON.

---

I pen these few lines in the hope that they may serve as a danger-signal to young, inexperienced elders who shall be called to go to the nations of the earth to proclaim the gospel of peace. I pray you, my dear, young brethren, particularly to notice the last four words of the foregoing sentence—the gospel of peace, not the gospel of contention. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a gospel of “peace and good will to all men,” and whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. In sending forth his disciples to preach the gospel, the Master said unto them, “Be ye, therefore, wise as serpents and harmless as doves,” and he has given the same admonition to the elders in these latter-days.

But we have not always observed this counsel. Many of us have acted very unwisely, at times, and have brought trouble upon our heads, and injury to the cause of Christ. Let me tell you one of the first mistakes I made after I became a member of the Church.

I had accepted the gospel with an honest heart, and had received from the Lord a very strong and convincing testimony that I had done his will. I very properly became very zealous in the work of God, and was anxious to see all men, if possible, become partakers of the gifts and blessings of the gospel.

I purchased a *Ready Reference*, and commenced a careful study of the various portions of scripture sustaining the principles and ordinances of the gospel. I memorized a great many verses of scripture on faith, repentance, baptism, the gift of the Holy

Ghost, divine authority, apostasy, restoration, etc. There was such an abundance of scripture, in proof of these things, that I marveled many times why people refused to believe them. But I saw, after a time, that the words of the prophet had been fulfilled, and that the days had come when "darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people."

I was very anxious to get into conversations and arguments with people concerning the principles of the gospel. Several times I was attacked by my friends and compelled to give a reason for the hope that was within me. On such occasions, the Lord heard my prayers, and I was enabled to confound those who stood up in opposition to his work. The success which attended me made me somewhat conceited, and I began to strut around like a theological game rooster, looking for some one with whom to fight. I would have considered it a pleasure trip to have traveled twenty miles, if at the end of the journey I could have found a preacher to debate with. I loved debates, thinking that by vanquishing my opponent I could get many converts to the faith. But I can truthfully say that I have not known a single individual who has been converted by attending our theological prize-fights.

If I were going out into the world to preach the gospel, I would avoid, as much as possible, debates and contention. I would not, as I did in my early days, make a football of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and challenge people to kick with me. I would try even to keep in mind the counsel of our Savior: "Contend against no church."

I must now tell you one of my first mistakes while preaching the gospel. One evening, while returning to my home, I saw a short distance ahead of me, a preacher of the Plymouth Brethren. Here was an opportunity for discussion. I quickened my step, and in a short time overtook him. I felt equal to the combat. I was familiar with the doctrine of this sect. I knew how, with my scriptural sword, I could completely disarm him. Victory was mine.

No, my dear brethren, I have a different story to tell. With shame and confusion, I retired from the field, a sadder but wiser man. How was I defeated? you ask. The Lord took every passage of scripture away from my memory, and when the young



preacher opened fire upon me, all I had to defend myself with was blank cartridges. He beat me right and left, and when he had finished, this poor, theological game-rooster wasn't able to raise a crow.

I returned to my home, and while sitting before the fire nursing my wounds, scriptural passages, as numerous as autumn leaves, came to me. I saw where I could have beaten my opponent every time he opened his mouth. But the Lord took this means of teaching me a lesson, and I hope that some may profit by my experience. My advice to young missionaries is, "Don't court trouble. Preach in meekness and humility the gospel of Christ, and leave contention to the devil, for he is the author of it."

---

### THE VICTOR.

---

*Bind on thy helm and buckler, nor reck though death betide!  
He liveth well who dieth with Truth upon his side!*

He fears not any foeman with gilded spear and mail,  
Who knoweth only duty to win or die, not fail.  
Bind on thy shield and helmet, and reckon not the host;  
But wage again the battles thy fathers fought and lost.

While Sin, the fatal foeman, is marshalled still in pride,  
Thy only truce is bondage: 'twere better thou hadst died!  
While Evil's golden banners, of mocking Doubt and Crime,  
Flaunt in thy holy places with stolen spoils of time,

While Vice, the gilded Tempter, rules half thy kingdom still,  
Fail not where thy fathers faltered: thy peace is thy children's ill.  
Then wield thy sword with tumult, ere the day of thy strength decline,  
Till the night and thy glory cometh, when the sceptre shall be thine.

And shouldst thou bleed in the battle, what evil can befall?  
He giveth best and grandly who giveth his last and all.  
Bind on thy helm and buckler, nor reck though death betide!  
He liveth well who dieth with Truth upon his side!

—Clinton D. Ray, Fillmore, Utah.

## A TRIP TO MEXICO.

BY B. F. GRANT.

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The readers of the ERA have all heard of "The Man from Mexico." Many have seen the play and laughed over the adventures of the chap who plays the title role, until their sides have ached, and they have felt to cry out, enough. Just now, I am a man from Mexico. That is, I have recently returned from that interesting country. I had no such experiences as the unfortunate hero of the merry drama had; but I had some that were almost as ludicrous, and some that were as thrilling as I care to experience. I will briefly narrate some of the incidents that came under my observation, and leave the detailed descriptive story for another person or time.

To begin at the beginning. When I started for Chiapas to visit a big rubber plantation, I was accompanied by my eldest daughter, who went with me as far as the Pacific coast, where she remained with my mother, until my return from the great republic over which the wise and able statesman, Diaz, presides with such signal ability. The trip was fraught with interest from first to last. In San Francisco, I met with Bishop George R. Emery, of the Sixteenth ward, Salt Lake City—my own bishop. He was there on a pleasure trip, and during the brief period we sojourned together, it was mutually pleasant, I am sure. It was a little spicy, too, as will be seen by that which follows; that is, it had in it some of the elements of life and humor that were rather unexpected. We had been to the meetings of the "Mormon" elders. One was held in the streets of Oakland. The elders, though young and inexperienced, preached like heroes. Their music was far from being up to the standard of that of the Tabernacle choir,

but I must say that I don't believe I ever heard a hymn at home that made me feel quite like the notes of those good old "Mormon" hymns that rung out upon the night air at Oakland. There was a spirit—a something about it that made me go down into my pocket, and hunt for my handkerchief. When I got it out, there was a suspicious moisture about my eyes that looked and felt decidedly like tears. And when the preaching came, it was not difficult to recognize their words as truth, as they dropped from the lips of the elders who uttered them. Then we attended the services of our people in San Francisco, and enjoyed them to the uttermost. Many of the points of interest were visited, both in and out of the city, and here I was joined by J. W. Ellsworth, managing director of the Chiapas Rubber Plantation and Investment Company. Later, we were the guests of this distinguished gentleman at his handsome Redwood home.

But I am wandering from the spice, the humor to which I referred above. Before leaving San Francisco, a party of us planned a trip to the battleship *Oregon*, the magnificent ironclad that startled the world, a few years ago, by her famous run around South America from San Francisco, where she was built, to Cuban shores, where, off the coast of Santiago, under her gallant commander Captain Clark, she rendered such signal service to Admiral Schley in the sinking of Cervera's fleet. The very thought of an inspection of this grand ocean-defender was sufficient to fill our hearts with pride and delight. But we were destined to have some disappointments. In order to reach the *Oregon*, it was necessary for us to get into a tugboat, and be piloted to the big ship. Here is where an accident occurred that might have been serious. Fortunately, it was only exciting and laughable. One of the rudder ropes of our boat broke, and we were run into by a government tugboat on the way to Goat Island. For a few minutes, there were lively times in our vicinity. It looked as if our little craft were going to the bottom, and there was a mighty clambering for safety. There was no time to be lost, and some of our party scurried up the side of the government tug, and, before they knew it, they were being carried off at a lively rate to Goat Island. This meant a decided interruption in our battleship program. Among those who were borne off captive was Bishop Emery. His

disappointment was funny, but his hasty trip up the side of one of Uncle Sam's bothersome little tugs was funnier still. To appreciate the full force of the incident, one must know Brother Emery as I do. He is a man of extraordinary avoirdupois. But that wasn't all. When we had followed them several miles, had reached Goat Island, had got them off this water-bound military post, where they had been unwilling prisoners until our arrival, and had commenced the return voyage, our boat ran upon a sand-bar from which it required our combined strength to lift it. For a time all went well, but soon we hit a reef of rocks, and again we lost time. When we reached the *Oregon*, the supper signal had just sounded, and there was an unwillingness to permit us to go on board. But a statement of our case resulted in a modification of the disposition to refuse us, and we were permitted to walk through the ship—to spend five minutes upon it. It was not long, but brief as it was, and as difficult as it had been to reach our destination, we all felt amply repaid for all of our inconvenience. While we were, as I have said, allowed to remain only a few moments, yet I saw enough to fill a book. But I must hasten on. It is upon Mexico, and my trip there, that I wish particularly to dwell.

The next day, and we were en route. At El Paso, Texas, we had a really narrow escape. Just ahead of us, there had been a big washout, and traffic was delayed. It was simply a remarkable piece of good fortune that prevented us from running into it. Over the border, we found ourselves in a new world, so to speak. We had, to all intents and purposes, jumped from the domain of Uncle Sam into the land of the Montezumas. Everything American had disappeared; everything Mexican had taken its place. Yankee manners, custom, and food, had been left behind, and the manners, custom and food of the Greaser had succeeded them. The first had been part of our lives; the latter were all new to us. We cannot say that we appreciated the change. But that made no difference; it went all the same. Even our money was new. The gold and the greenbacks of our own country had been converted into Mexican silver at the rate of \$2.45 of the latter for every dollar of the former.

Our course down into the Republic was over the Mexican

Central Railroad. The meals on this road—well, words fail me; so I simply sum it all up and say, they are terrific. But I might add, by way of explanation, that they are composed principally of grease and garlic, and garlic and grease, with pepper thrown in, until, after meal time you are so hot that you want to hunt up a fire department to be put out. But that doesn't make any difference; when you are in Mexico, you must do as the Mexicans do. At the stations, you get your first glimpse of how far human beings in that country do the work of beasts of burden and machinery. The natives take the place of pack-mules, to an extent that is most astonishing. Even the women and children divide the work with the men. They come to the depots with all kinds of Mexican fruits and vegetables, and the men will trot away with trunks on their shoulders, that weigh two and three hundred pounds, and think nothing of it. Their strength is something enormous.

What a great country—what a country of future possibilities Mexico is! Its offers to industry are immeasurable—its inducements to homeseekers many. Just now, American enterprise and American money are working a revolution of advancement in all the lines of trade and development. And Mexican officials are wise enough to encourage Yankee thrift and push. Emigration, of the right sort, is what they want; and I might state parenthetically, that there is no class of strangers that find a warmer welcome than do the "Mormons." What the latter have done is sufficient to prove their worth as citizens of Mexico. When it is stated that we traveled nearly an entire day by rail, and at a reasonably rapid rate, on the land-holdings of one man, some idea of land immensity may be obtained.

I was particularly impressed with the City of Mexico. It is picturesque to the last degree. It has a population of four hundred thousand, mostly Mexicans, of course. But it has many Americans, and other foreigners. To me, the most attractive feature of the town was its old, re-modeled castles, reminiscent of the days of Spanish glory—days when the gay dons held high carnival on this continent, ruling and reveling in the power and pride which preceded the series of downfalls and defeats that had their ending in Cuba and Porto Rico, in our own time, and which drove

the haughty Castillian back to his own home beyond the seas, so far as national entity is concerned. These old castles are now used principally as hotels—Mexican hotels. You can get American meals in the City of Mexico, but you must know where to get them.

The Mexican method of looking after the stranger, that is, the way the visitor is kept track of, is interesting. For instance: Our hack was stopped just before we got into the city. The driver was asked how many passengers he had. Then they were asked their nationality, hotel to which they were going, the length of time they expected to stay, and their business. One official does the questioning, and another records the answers. It is all done with promptness and dispatch; and thus the authorities know much about you. If anything happens to you, they are in possession of all needful information.

A trip to the City of Mexico without a visit to the parks and markets would be incomplete. Under tropical skies, trees and shade, you will witness many scenes that give you an insight into the habits and customs of our neighbors of the south. In their markets, you will see their edibles—all cooked; everything is cooked in Mexico, generally speaking, before it is offered for sale. The people go to the markets to eat, and they sit down upon the ground to partake of their ready-made meals. And every house of business, in the big city, closes its doors from twelve o'clock noon, until two in the afternoon, during which period breakfast is eaten. In the morning, they simply take tea.

Mexico is a country of color and show, and the place where they are seen in their height is the City of Mexico. The particular spot is on the great promenade street, where the gayest equipages and the gaudiest dresses ever man beheld, are displayed in bewildering confusion. This thoroughfare is long, narrow, paved, and scrupulously clean. It is a case of keep to the right, so far as the long procession is concerned. The line goes out on one side, and back on the other. There is no deviation from that rule. The proudest don, the haughtiest duenna, must bow to that order.

We took a little run out to the Holy Spring, near the outskirts of the city. Great quantities of the water are carried away by

devout followers of the Catholic faith, under the belief that it possesses marvelous healing properties, on account of receiving the benedictions of the priests. And a pure, white clay on the hill above the spring is eaten for some similar purpose. On this hill is a figure, in a small church, called the Black Saint, associated with which is a belief of the commission of heinous crimes and intercession for criminals, of which I do not feel able to speak with authority, realizing that there is much that is criminally unjust and ridiculous told of Catholics, and Catholic rites, just as there is of "Mormons" and "Mormon" practices. Suffice it to say, I saw much that to my mind was incomprehensible and absurd. Just below is a cathedral in which there are silver ornamentations said to weigh twenty-six tons.

After leaving the City of Mexico, we started for Vera Cruz. This city has an open sewerage system, and the turkey buzzard is its scavenger. The noxious odors that filled the air, and the sight and the loathsomeness of these ugly but useful birds, are such that one is sickened. From Vera Cruz we were glad to flee, going by steamer, on the Gulf of Mexico, to Fontario. Oh, what a voyage! A "Big Northerner," as they call it, was blowing, and blowing hard. I doubt if any of us would have offered an objection, if we had been told that the ship was going down. I am sure, if a life preserver had been thrown our way, we would have performed no great acrobatic feat to seize it. I had a great desire to quiet a certain commotion within, and was told that a sea biscuit would do it. A gruff seaman got me one. I tried to break it, and was about to give up in despair, after I had hammered the side of the boat until I was exhausted. Suddenly it was reduced to fragments, and, after endeavoring to further minimize it, I was ready for the dentist.

At Fontario, we changed steamers, and went up a river a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, to a little town called Monte Cristo, where we were met by C. A. Westenberg, assistant general manager of the Chiapas Rubber Plantation and Investment Company, to take us to the town of Palenque, thirty miles distant. He had horses for us to ride, and natives to carry our luggage. The ponies were so small that our feet often bumped the ground. Still they did their work marvelously well, and pattered along through

the jungle, while the natives trotted along the trail behind with their hundred pounds and over apiece, arriving at our destination about two hours and a half after we arrived. For this, their price was sixty cents of our money, or two cents a mile per hundred pounds. They considered they had done well, and were entirely satisfied. They are as strong as oxen, so to speak. In one town en route, we saw four men lift an iron safe, that must have weighed four or five hundred pounds, on to the shoulders of one carrier, who walked off with his load without great effort. On the way, we met a party of natives en route to Monte Cristo. They were conveying thither immense quantities of food of various kinds for a religious feast that was about to be inaugurated. Each man carried one hundred and sixty pounds, and the marvel of it all is that they moved rapidly and uncomplainingly.

At Palenque, the city with the greatest ruins of the world, we had an experience the memory of which will long remain with us. We were kindly received by the president, who happens to be supreme in that section. He is judge, jury, and high executioner, in all things that pertain to the regulation of the affairs of Palenque. When we arrived, we were alive with wood ticks, and the pests were making our existence miserable. They had bored into our skin by the score, and we were scratching as a hen never scratched for her chicks. We had to get rid of them—but how? That was the question. It was raining a regular before-the-flood deluge. There was not a place in which we could find shelter. The president was in a quandary. Finally, he tendered us the town jail, and thither we went at a 2:40 gait. Soon we had stripped, and commenced a warfare on the ticks. It was necessary to have native help. This we got, and the way they dug out the ticks, rubbed us down with alcohol, and slapped us, was a sight that forty or fifty natives, who peered through the windows of the jail, enjoyed to the uttermost.

I might write of the ruins of Palenque, and tell of the great buried temples, the stone tablets and tables of torture; the subterranean passages and records of a mighty race that was swept from the globe for reasons that are clear to every Book of Mormon student. I entered one of these great corridors, and followed my guide for a considerable distance. Suddenly, my



candle was snuffed out, and there was a rush and roar of bats, such as I have never imagined. They came not in hundreds or thousands, but literally in tens of thousands, and beat a hasty retreat to the open air, where my companions made merry over my exploit.

Twenty miles further on, and we found ourselves on the plantation of our company. This great rubber farm covers a tract of twenty-four thousand acres of ground. Two hundred families find employment upon it, and the electric light, telephone, and other modern conveniences, are everywhere in evidence—a strange sight in the tropical wilds of extreme southern Mexico, where the people are little better than savages. But as to rubber culture—the trees are set out fourteen and a half feet apart. In appearance they closely resemble the rubber plants that we see in our local greenhouses, except, of course, that they are much larger. The fullgrown tree will, perhaps, reach a height of fifty to sixty feet. It has two distinct saps—one that keeps the tree alive, and the other from which the rubber is made. The leaf is long and pointed, and the lower limbs keep dropping off from year to year, until the full height is attained. The tapping process begins in the sixth year. The sap resembles buttermilk, and it is easily reduced to the rubber state. On a small scale, a pail of the sap may be warmed, a little alum dropped in, and an egg-beater used. That done, there is rubber in short order. But on the large scale, that employed on the plantation, there are vats, and tanks, and cement cisterns, or basins, into which the fluid is conducted. The evaporation receptacle is made shallow, and about two or three inches of the sap is put into it. It soon undergoes a change, and in a remarkably short time, it has been transformed into a thick rubber sheet or blanket, which is cut up into strips, and, in the crude state, is ready for the market.

We only remained on the plantation two days. During that time seven inches of rain fell. The normal for Utah is about fourteen inches in twelve months. In that country, the average is more than one hundred and fifty inches each year. In the forty-eight hours we were there, the river rose thirty feet, and when we went out in our Indian canoes, it was veritably among the tree tops that lined the banks of the great stream. In fact,

some of the limbs of the trees had to be cut off to permit us to pass.

My trip to Mexico was a journey that I would not have missed for a great deal. The heat, the water, the rain, the floods, the tropical vegetation, the groves of oranges, lemons and cocoanuts; the monkeys, tigers, insects, snakes and parrots, and a thousand and one other things, animate and inanimate, contribute to the memory of the trip.

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### SHALL WE PRACTICE HYPNOTISM?

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The above is a question that a member of the Church in England recently asked of President Francis M. Lyman. The member had been led to think that a person possessing the hypnotic power, who studied and practiced it, could possibly benefit himself and others. The reply of Apostle Lyman, as found in the *Millennial Star*, is good reading for the young people of Zion, and we therefore reproduce it in the IMPROVEMENT ERA:

Hypnotism is a reality, and though some who claim to have this mysterious power are only tricksters, yet others do really hypnotise those who submit to them. From what I understand and have seen, I should advise you not to practise hypnotism. For my own part I could never consent to being hypnotised or allowing one of my children to be. The free agency that the Lord has given us is the choicest gift we have. As soon, however, as we permit another mind to control us, as that mind controls its own body and functions, we have completely surrendered our free agency to another; and so long as we are in the hypnotic spell—and that is as long as the hypnotist desires us to be—we give no consent in any sense whatever to anything we do. The hypnotist might influence us to do good things, but we could receive no benefit from that, even if we remembered it after coming out of the spell, for it was not done voluntarily. The hypnotist might also influence us to do absurd and even shocking, wicked things, for his will compels us.

Hypnotism is very much like the plan that Satan desired the Father to accept before this earth was peopled. He would make them do good and save them in spite of themselves. The Savior, on the other hand, proposed to give free agency to all, and save those who would accept salvation. Our Father rejected Satan's plan, and sacrificed a third part of his children for the sake of upholding this true principle, that men shall have the right to act for themselves, and shall be responsible for their own actions.

## PARENTHOOD.

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BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY,  
PROVO, UTAH.

A loving worm within its clod,  
Were more divine than a loveless god.—*Browning.*

Herbert Spencer, in his treatise on Education, points out the necessity for formal instruction in what might be termed the science of parenthood. The Latter-day Saints are the first people in the world, so far as we are aware, to make the theory of parenthood a part of their higher education. In no other system of training, have courses in parenthood been included as part of the academic curriculum.

Students graduating from institutions where such instruction is given, go forth inspired with an ambition to become parents of a high type. Nor have they alone ambition; for they carry with them a fund of information essential to their equipment for such responsibility. And so keenly do the Latter-day Saints feel the necessity for such knowledge, that mothers' classes and clubs, not uncommon elsewhere, have developed into parents' classes among them. In this manner, the community in general is occupied in considering the subject of parenthood.

A new era in education has dawned; and we may hope that the near future will give to the world some direct literature on this paramount theme of life. Parenthood is legalized progenitorship; it means more than propagation and care. It cannot exist in its perfect form without the sanction of reciprocal love. Parents must love each other, or the chances are greatly against their issue being possessed of the power of love, a characteristic that must enter into the nature of one who would be successful

in life. For success in life, in its highest sense, is pure, helpful, and progressive enjoyment. Enjoyment coming from any other source than that of love—lofty, pure, and undefiled—is death-dealing to all those qualities that make man more than an animal.

Parenthood must have the sanction of recognized law. The union of the sexes should be love and law. The more perfect the love and the higher the law, the more nearly divine is that union. In wedlock, the binding force of God's law is as much above that of man's, as human love is above mere animal passion—hence, a church marriage is, in essence, more binding than that which the civil authority alone ratifies.

Marriage, in its very nature, is more than a civil contract. Unions, unlegalized, are nothing short of sexual anarchy. To be the cause of circumstances and conditions, that disturb the legal order of births, is a crime, second only to becoming the illegal instrument by which a spirit is sent on its passage back to God. The discord, at either end of the line of life, interferes with the harmony of God's social universe, to an extent that demands severe punishment for those guilty of it.

It may be urged that one act is natural while the other is not. But when we examine the nature that prompts each of the acts, we shall find them both natural, but it is a naturalness of which the animal is possessed, nothing more. The brutes come together by natural instinct and impulse in killing each other, as well as in perpetuating their kind. Man's conduct should be above that of the brute, just to that extent that his intelligence is higher. He is to have dominion over all the animals, and that dominion includes his own animal nature.

In parenthood, man's nearest approach to the tree of life is sanctioned by the divine Father; for he is made a legal instrument in the production of a creature in the image of a God. A creature with a body, suited as the earthly home of a spirit, fresh from the household of divinity, where it has passed an infancy, a childhood, a youth, and arrived at spiritual maturity. This new body, under the pressure of the expanding spirit and outward care, grows and develops to be an essential part of a soul. The prophet asserts that the provision made for parenthood is one of the means whereby the "Godhood" is attained. "The man is not

without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord." What can this saying mean other than the following: No man without the woman; no woman without the man, can attain to the state of a God, or receive an appointment or ordination pertaining to "Godhood." "Whoso forbiddeth to marry is not of God;" This statement would justify the saying that the encouragement is of God.

The tenderest title of Deity is, "Our Father." It is the household name of him who rules the universe. He has many official titles, but the one by which he would have his children approach him, is stripped of its awe, and filled with reverence and love. And—whence came that title, Father? Certainly in no other way than through parenthood.

'In the heavens, are parents single!  
No; the thought makes reason stare.  
Truth is reason, truth eternal  
Tells me, I've a mother there.

The scriptures contain intimations of the "Godhood" state of Abraham. He was called the friend of God, and the father of the faithful. Could he ever have felt or known what it is to sacrifice a son, but for his patriarchal parenthood? What made it possible for him to do as his God had done before him, or at least had planned to do? Who can comprehend the Father in this most gracious act of his for us? The childless person, by giving his own life, may in a measure comprehend something of the sacrifice of the Son; but was not the sacrifice of the Son by the Father a greater sacrifice? Both were willing, but which of the two comprehended best the terrors of it all? Jesus said, "I do nothing except that which I have seen my Father do?"

We are capable of understanding the experience of others through our own experience. And where is the father or mother who would not rather suffer by reason of his own sacrifice than by that of his child? When we ponder in our heart the saying, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," we are led to marvel at the price of our freedom. As the sorrows of our Savior pass before us, and the scene of his agony in Gethsemane comes to our minds, we are led to inquire who in that hour of terrible trial suffered most? He who cried, "Father, if it be

possible, let this cup pass," or he who, with a loving Father's ears, heard that cry? Again, during the crucifixion on Golgotha, when the great Redeemer, the Son of God, in agony cried out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" what must have been the feeling of the Father? The Father, who turned his face from the sufferings of his Son, until the consummation of that terrible tragedy.

Often people, in their enthusiasm for the work of the Son, are heedless of the Father's connection. Overflowing with gratitude, religionists often call on the name of Jesus, the great Redeemer, unmindful of the Father. Such forgetfulness may be due, in a measure, to a lack of comprehension of the Father's part in the great sacrifice, through which redemption came. Jesus, though a God, commands, that in giving thanks, asking favors, administering and performing ordinances, we shall address the Father in the name of the Son. To do otherwise is an offense to both Father and Son. Proper respect to Fatherhood, and regard for "Sonhood," causes each to guard jealously the other's rights. What the Father and Son did, in this respect, is a pattern to all modern parents.

Parenthood provides the most perfect pleasure, and affords the most prolonged enjoyment, of which earth is capable. Nor is this all, it is a source of eternal happiness and progress. Wealth and fame combined can furnish no such felicity. No days of careless childhood, or expectant youth, can be so full of joy as those of parenthood, in which men and women love, and in turn are loved by their own offspring. Whoever writes the psalm of love must use the words father, mother, sister, brother. These represent the personnel that can give the most exquisite enjoyment in life. These persons constitute the everlasting social unit—the family.

The idea that parenthood interferes with happiness, is not only an erroneous idea of itself, but is also injurious to society. Those who advocate such a doctrine must be classed, we feel, either with the ignorant or among those of evil intention. When we hear the remark, "Alack a day, she's married now, poor thing, her happiness is over," it brings to mind Holmes' famous poem, "The Old Man Dreams," whose theme elaborated might read

something as follows: An old man sat trotting his grandson on his knee, singing to him a rhyme of his boyhood. The song aroused old memories of scenes long past, which because they were of the days of long ago, seemed the sweetest of all life's experience.

Grandpa sighed and said, "Oh, to be a boy again." An angel overheard him, smiled and said:

"You may be, if you wish; I'll make it possible for you to tread back the path of life, and stand once more upon the field of youthful gaiety."

"Good," said the man, "let us go at once."

The angel said, "I will describe the road, and tell you what must be done in the beginning, as also at intervals along the way."

"First," said he, "you must give up your grandson, as he was the last great gift, as you came up the path of parenthood. Then, as you pass along, your children must be taken from you. So must it be with good grandma, your loving wife, she can be yours no more. And again, all that you have learned, the accumulated experiences of a life, must be laid down. No youth could carry them."

The aged one clung to the child and cried, "No, no, I cannot give them up."

Then the angel shouted to the gods and said: "Behold a wonder! A man who would be at once a grandsire and a boy!"

The doctrine of single-blessedness, or the theory that married life means much misery and little joy, is indirectly the means of encouraging the sowing of wild oats, as well as the means of fostering directly the sentiment, "I'll go it while I'm young," which maxim is the accompaniment of many forms of intemperance; and is, therefore, a direct aid to the evil one.

The people who advocate a single life belong, according to our best judgment, to one of three classes. First, they are the unthinking; secondly, they are numbered among those who have been unsuccessful in carrying out God's first law to man; and, thirdly, they are persons, who from a selfish motive advance an erroneous doctrine. Happiness that comes through parenthood, is of the highest order; with this idea, progressive philosophy harmonizes. The practical life both of the nation and of the in-

dividual, each puts its seal of successful approval upon the married state; and to the poet, it appeals as a panacea:

When the black letter list to the Gods was presented,  
A list of what Fate for each mortal intends,  
At the long string of ills, a kind angel relented,  
And slipped in three blessings, wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto declared he was cheated;  
For justice divine could now compass her ends,  
The scheme for man's sorrow, he said, was defeated,  
For earth became heaven with wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,  
The funds ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends.  
But the heart issues drafts that are never protested,  
When drawn on the firm of wife, children, and friends.

The soldier whose deeds live immortal in story,  
Whom duty to far distant latitude sends,  
With transport would barter old ages of glory,  
For one single hour with wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still lingers in Life's daily embers,  
The death-wounded tar who his colors defends,  
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers  
How blessed was his home with wife, children, and friends.

Though the spice-breathing gale o'er his caravan hovers,  
And around him the wealth of Arabia descends,  
Yet the merchant remembers the woodbine that covers  
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth, unclouded by sorrow,  
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,  
But dreary's the twilight of age, if it borrow  
No warmth from the love of wife, children, and friends.

May the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
The laurels that o'er its fair favorite bends.  
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,  
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

This parenthood is the gateway to Godhood; for through it, in his own family, God has given to man redemption; thereby exercising one of his highest powers. And as parenthood is the source of the most perfect human happiness, it follows that there



is a necessity, for man's sake, of its perpetuity in heaven. Marriage for eternity, then, is natural. It must needs be, that it extend into the life beyond, past the powers of death, where our yearnings go in spite of us. The covenants and contracts which love and God's law sanction on the earth, hold husband and wife, parents and children, together, while governments are changing and nations are rising and falling into decay.

The Lord's household is one in which the prattle of infancy, the cheery call of childhood, the mirthfulness of youth, the careful tone of adult life, make one constant chorus, as sublime as the music of the spheres which, heaven-sent, echoes back from earth.

When I leave this frail existence,  
When I lay this mortal by,  
Father, mother, may I meet you,  
In your royal courts on high?

Marriage, from a Latter-day Saint point of view, is the organization of an everlasting kingdom, and people who truly love each other, and have the light of the gospel, with the privilege of its holy ordinances, should entertain no thought of forming temporary alliances in wedlock.

Those who shun the responsibilities of parenthood are of two classes, the physically and mentally fit and unfit. The latter class includes all persons the perpetuation of whose moral, mental, or physical personality, would be an injury to the race. Of the former class, there are several types. First of all, we note those who are without the courage to take upon themselves the responsibility of this high order of activity and happiness. Such persons lack heroism. Another type eligible to parenthood, includes the careless. Such persons are indifferent to their own highest interests, as also to the highest interests of the race. They are of the "Happy-go-lucky" sort; always selfish; better fitted as subordinates in society than as leaders. For such, no doubt, eternity has suitable employment.

God moves laws that can not pause,  
In all his vast domain;  
Who'll not obey high law, must stay  
Where lower law must reign.

There still remains another type who shirk the responsibility

of becoming parents. These may be called the misguided. They are intelligences of a high order, in some special directions. These shun marriage under the impression that it interferes with the development of their so-called genius, and use such argument to justify themselves in their chosen course. In this thought, they are mistaken, from the fact that the becoming of a consistent parent enhances, rather than diminishes, one's powers and excellence in any direction.

Then, even if this latter statement were not true, and the choice between standing on the pedestal of cold worldly fame, or sitting on the throne of household happiness were given, who that has known both would not choose the latter?

"Home; home, sweet, sweet home." Parenthood means home. Home means happiness. Happiness means heaven.

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#### THE ART OF LETTING GO.

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We held on to a great many things last year which we should have let go,—shaken off entirely. In the first place, we should expel from our minds completely the things which cannot be helped,—our past misfortunes, the trivial occurrences which have mortified or humiliated us. Thinking of them not only does no good, but it robs us of peace and comfort. The art of forgetting useless things is a great one, and we should learn it at any cost.

It is just as important to learn to let go as to hold on. Anything that cannot help us to get on and up in the world; anything that is a drag, a stumbling-block, or a hindrance, should be expunged from our memory. Many people seem to take a positive pleasure in recalling past misfortunes, sufferings, and failures. They dwell upon such experiences, and repaint the dark pictures until the mind becomes melancholy and sad. If they would only learn to drive them out, and banish their attempts to return, as they would banish a thief from the house, those painful thoughts would cease to demand entrance. We want all we can get of sunshine, encouragement, and inspiration.—*Success.*

## A VISIT TO THE "CEDRIC."

THE LARGEST OCEAN LINER IN THE WORLD.

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BY ELDER JOS. J. CANNON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "MILLENNIAL STAR," AND FORMER MISSIONARY TO SWEDEN.

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One winter night in Stockholm, the writer was walking with one of the Saints in a blinding snowstorm. The northern wind blew fiercely, carrying the icy flakes stinging against our faces. "I pity the poor sailors that are out at sea tonight," the brother said. The remark was somewhat surprising to the writer, as at that same moment his own thoughts were with those who lacked shelter in such a tempest, only the objects of his sympathy were the men on the plains and in the mountains, the cattlemen, shepherds, miners and such other land men as have often to brave dangers and endure hardships while the elements rage. Our thoughts illustrated very well the different environments we had had. The brother was born and raised in a seaport town; the writer's home was far inland among the mountains.

It is with the thought that seafaring matters are somewhat new to many other readers of the ERA that a description of a recent visit, made in company with Elder Joseph Eckersley, to an ocean liner in the Canada dock on the Mersey river, is herewith offered. Taking the elevated train at the bottom of Water Street, Liverpool, one passes rapidly northward along the bank of the Mersey. From the new electric cars, driven by a third rail current, can be seen acres of modern costly docks, probably the greatest ones in the world. The floating landing stage, so familiar to Saints and elders who have passed through Liverpool in recent years, is a far different structure from the one to which the agile Heber C. Kimball eagerly leaped, when he with his devoted companions came to preach the gospel in England, sixty-five years ago,

the first missionaries to visit a foreign land in this dispensation. Beyond the landing stage, huge warehouses are now built up, and the rectangular enclosures between them fairly bristle with masts.

On reaching the Canada dock, we had little difficulty in finding the object of our visit. Among the large craft anchored there, the latest addition to the White Star fleet, the *Cedric*, was easily distinguishable. The new ship had just come over the Irish sea from Belfast, where she was built, and was now being loaded for her first trans-Atlantic voyage. We came upon the vessel from the rear, and the great black stern, surmounted by white boats hanging from davits, loomed up before us like a mountain. In the warehouse from which she was being loaded, we walked along her whole length and tried to measure the dimensions with our eyes. Alongside lay canal barges, from which baskets of coal were being passed up from man to man on a kind of stepladder-scaffold and were emptied into portholes. Ten men worked on each set of baskets, but the highest was not a third the distance up the *Cedric's* hull. We looked up to the top of the nine decks, and concluded that the monster vessel was entitled to be called, as she really is, the largest ship in the world.

It being visiting day, we walked up the long gangway to the upper deck, and there, with the other visitors, were given the freedom of the vessel. Descending to the deck below, we inspected the steerage apartments, which extend practically from stem to stern. These are the best, probably, that can be found in any ship. Most of the space is divided into cabins for two, four or six persons, though there are several large apartments arranged in the old style for men or women, where scores of beds are placed in the same room. All the steerage berths have stiff wire mattresses, the cabins are all lighted by incandescent lamps, and good ventilation is secured by large pipes through which the air is forced, as in a mine, by electric and steam fans. The steerage passengers have also large dining rooms, a wonderful improvement on eating in their sleeping rooms. The deck below will also be used for the steerage while passenger traffic is heavy, and considerable more than two thousand third-class passengers can then be accommodated. Down in the ship, the admirable construction is apparent. Each section is divided from the others by water-tight partitions, and in

case of a leak in one part of the vessel, that division can be abandoned and closed off from the rest.

Only a limited number of second-class passengers are carried, one hundred and sixty in all. Their pleasant rooms are on the upper deck. The dining room is not so fine as in the *New England* and *Commonwealth*, the Dominion company's liners, which are now carrying most of the Latter-day Saints that cross the Atlantic. The *Cedric* has, however, a good library of elegantly bound books for second-class passengers, something they will greatly appreciate.

On the upper deck is the entrance to the first-class saloon, certainly a handsome apartment, extending from one side of the ship to the other. Nearly all the three hundred and sixty-five first-class passengers can sit down at once and then not be crowded, for there is exceptional room between tables. The high dome of stained glass, through which the sunlight streams by day and strong electric light by night, adds to the beauty of the room. The traveler on the *Cedric*, if his means permit, can secure a cabin with only a single berth, or he can engage a suite of sleeping, sitting and bath rooms, wherein he may enjoy, if he is not seasick, all the pleasures of life in a modern hotel. Some of the roomy cabins with their extensible berths and square windows seemed scarcely part of a ship at all. The smoking room is a gilded parlor, where luxurious stalls, with little tables in the center for card playing and other games, are provided for those who wish to group together.

The stores required to furnish this host of people are enormous, and though we did not see much of them, we inspected the kitchens where all the food is prepared. There are long stoves into the top of which huge caldrons of different sizes fit, ovens where dozens of pans may be set at one time, and tanks that would hold soup for an army. The meat broilers were very interesting. A charcoal fire is made, and before it in steel loops the meat is hung. A lamb would about fit in one loop. By turning an electric switch, outside the oven, the loops are made to revolve so that all sides of the meat are equally exposed to the fire. A thermometric arrangement shows, on a dial in front of each oven, the temperature on the inside. This registers up to 800 degrees, but on

which scale we could not learn. Not very far from the kitchens are the ice plant and meat room. To the latter place we were admitted. The entrance is like the door of a bank vault. Inside, a herd of cattle can be hung, and there is little danger of their spoiling, for the room can be cooled below freezing point. Overhead is a network of pipes, and it was a little surprising to see them coated with frost. We learned that cold brine is passed through them, and as salt water may be reduced considerably below freezing point without being congealed, the temperature of the room can be made as low as desirable. The same plant that makes ice supplies the pipes with brine.

Before leaving the interior, we took a look at the engine rooms. These contain the powerful machinery that gives movement to the mammoth ship. There are two sets of quadruple expansion engines, which drive the twin propellers. Eight steel boilers, furnished with double ends, and capable of working at a pressure of 210 pounds to the square inch, supply the steam. The *Cedric*, following the fashion of most English passenger ships, is not intended for very fast sailing, but can attain a speed of seventeen knots, or nautical miles, an hour. As the distance from Liverpool to New York, as the steamers travel at this time of the year, is three thousand one hundred and seventy-two and one-fourth nautical miles, the new ship will regularly make the voyage in seven days, eighteen and a half hours, practically eight days. The time is usually measured from Queenstown, or more correctly Cork harbor, on the southern coast of Ireland, and this makes the voyage several hours shorter. The northern route, which is taken when there is no danger of icebergs, between August 15 and January 14, is three thousand forty-four and one-fourth miles. We were not permitted to descend the iron ladders to the depths of the boiler rooms. They stretch from deck to deck far down to the keel, and remind one of the ladders leading to the different levels of a mine.

Mounting up to the higher decks, one gains a better idea of the leviathan's proportions. Looking over the side, we decided that waves would have to run extremely high ever to wash the *Cedric's* deck. A fall from one of the upper promenades, from the sun-deck for example, might be fatal before the unfortunate had time

to drown. We went up on the bridge, a forbidden precinct under ordinary conditions, and walked along the narrow elevated pathway from one side of the ship to the other, where the captain and his officers keep watch. Behind this is the little cabin in which the quartermaster stands and holds the helm.

Further back on the highest deck is built another station which the officers may use in case of necessity. Like the bridge, it is fitted up with bells and other signal-apparatus, and is the highest point on the vessel from which the steering and speed of the ship can be controlled. It is about on a level with the crow's-nest on the foremast where a lookout is stationed in case of fog. From this point, a general survey of the vessel can be taken. Behind rise the two giant funnels that carry off the smoke from the two sets of engines. The body of these is painted a dull yellow, and the top black, as is the case with all the White Star vessels. Both fore and aft are tall masts with their rigging. Upon these, sails will seldom if ever be raised, except possibly as a help to hold the ship steady. From here the length and breadth of the *Cedric* can be seen and appreciated. She is seven hundred feet long, and seventy-five feet wide, and forty-nine and one-third feet deep. If she were set down on her keel in a street of Salt Lake City, with the stern even with one side of a block, the bow would extend past the other, and nearly one-third of the way across the street. In width she would more than fill up one side-walk and half the street. Standing on the promenades where saloon passengers will spend much of their time, one could look over the highest business block in the city. The bridge is as high as the top of a nine story building, and the funnels would extend thirty-six feet above the square of the Temple. If we accept one and eight hundred and twenty-four-thousandths feet as the length of the cubit, the *Cedric* surpasses the length of Noah's ark by one hundred and fifty-two and eight-tenths feet, but in width she falls short sixteen and two-tenths feet, and her hull is five and four-tenths feet less than the height of the first great ship of history.

Though the *Cedric* is the largest ship afloat, she is not the longest. The *Oceanic*, which by the ending "ic" is recognized as one of the White Star fleet, is seven hundred and five and one-half feet long, exceeding her young sister ship by about the length of

a man. The *Celtic*, which began her career in 1901, has exactly the same external measurements as the *Cedric*, but differences of internal arrangement give the latter the advantage in gross tonnage of ninety-six tons. The actual launching weight of the new vessel is fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty-seven tons; her dead weight carrying capacity is eighteen thousand four hundred tons, though the gross tonnage reaches the high figure of twenty-one thousand tons; her displacement is thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and seventy tons. The cost of building the *Cedric* was about two million five hundred thousand dollars. The exact figures of the cost or of the amount of coal consumed were not obtainable from the owners.

A visit to this monster of the deep impresses one with the wonderful advancement in applied science that has taken place during the last few years. This great automaton, that has power within itself to plow with little disturbance the heaviest sea, against wind and tide, carrying within itself nearly or quite three thousand passengers, and three hundred and fifty crew, furnishing itself with electric lights, heat and ice, as it goes, having room to carry supplies that would last the three thousand three hundred and fifty souls on board longer than the year and ten days that Noah and his family were in the ark, is an excellent monument to man's intelligence and skill. The contrast between the *Cedric* and the ships that carried many of the early Saints across the Atlantic, corresponds with the difference between the express train of today and the ox teams that drew their wagons over the plains. The astonishing progress in such matters has a deeper meaning than we sometimes imagine. Great movements and changes in the world will take place before the Lord has finished his work. Rapid transportation, and the means of quickly conveying intelligence from one part of the earth to the other, are essential for the fulfillment of his purposes.



## RICHARD W. YOUNG.

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BY ANDREW JENSON, AUTHOR OF L. D. S. "BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY."

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[When the first central committee of the Y. M. M. I. A. was organized, December 8, 1876, John Nicholson, Richard W. Young, and Geo. F. Gibbs, were chosen secretaries. The Era presents in this issue the portrait of Major Young, taken specially for this magazine. He was connected with the associations as a member of the General Board, for several years, to 1898, and continued for some time after his departure for the Philippines. In a literary way, he has frequently aided the cause by contributions for the *Contributor*, and is a valued writer for the ERA. Taking special interest in the welfare of the young people, he is an enthusiastic supporter of the mutual improvement cause. He is now in the active practice of the legal profession in Salt Lake City.—EDITORS.]

Richard Whitehead Young is the son of Joseph Angell Young and Margaret Whitehead, and was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 19, 1858. His education was gained under the tuition of Mrs. Mildred E. Randall, Karl G. Maeser, O. H. Riggs and others, and also at the Deseret University. During 1871-73 he served as telegraph operator in Richfield, Sevier county. From 1874 to 1878, he taught school, worked as a carpenter, and was employed on railroads. In 1878 he was appointed a cadet to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. He graduated in 1882, and for six years served as lieutenant of the 3rd and 5th regiments, U. S. artillery, and as captain and acting judge advocate (on the staff of General W. S. Hancock). In 1884, he graduated from the law school of Columbia College, New York City, and was admitted to the bar of the State of New York.

He wrote a work on "Mobs and the Military," in 1887. In 1888, he resigned from the army, his resignation taking effect April, 1889, since which he has been practicing law in Salt Lake City. From 1890 to 1892, he served as a member of the city council, and from 1891 to 1895 was a member of the board of education, serving as its vice-president. In 1894, he was made brigadier-general, commanding the National Guard of Utah. He was the candidate of the Democratic party in 1895, and again in 1902, for judge of the supreme court of Utah. During 1894-96, he was manager of the *Salt Lake Herald*, and was chairman of the code commission which prepared the Revised Statutes of Utah, in 1896-97. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, Elder Young enlisted as a volunteer, and was made captain of Battery A, Utah Light Artillery, May 4, 1898. Two months later (July 12, 1898), he was appointed major, commanding Utah Light Artillery. As a soldier, Major Young made an excellent record, participating in the capture of Manila, and in about twenty-five other engagements in the Spanish-American war and the Philippine insurrection. From May, 1899, to June 1901, he served as associate justice and president of the criminal branch of the supreme court of the Philippine Islands. All these positions he filled with credit and fidelity. He was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt to serve as a member of the Board of Visitors to attend the annual examination at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, in 1902. In Church affairs, Elder Young has always been active. He has served as a member of the general board of Y. M. M. I. A., and is at present a member of the council of the 13th quorum of Seventy. On September 5, 1882, he married Minerva Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Richards, of Salt Lake City, and has a family of seven children—five daughters and two sons.

## A "MORMON'S" CREED.

BY A. B. CHRISTENSEN, ST. GEORGE, UTAH.

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I live to learn, and love the good:  
To speak the truth in every mood,  
To see and know and understand  
The plan of God, however grand.  
To do his will, to sense his power,  
To feel his presence every hour.  
To seek for virtue, grace and light,  
To walk in paths that seemeth right.  
To bless and comfort those who weep,  
And all my days in honor keep.  
To seek to be and know I am  
A brother of the lowly Lamb.  
To look upon this fretful life,  
This "vale of tears," this "spell of strife,"  
As in the "great eternal plan,"  
The gift of God, the boon of man.  
To believe the truth that all are free  
To choose their life and what they'll be;  
To trust and work from day to day,  
And see through faith the better way;  
To walk therein, to be a guide  
That others may not go aside.  
To find in every one a grace,  
And see within each care-worn face  
A gem of truth, a ray of light,  
A soul contending for the right,  
A child of God, where'er he be,  
Who some day shall be blithe and free;

Who in the realms of yonder sky,  
Amidst eternal worlds shall hie,  
And there in joy and bliss endure  
Throughout all ages hale and pure;  
And step by step his conquests ply,  
A pupil of the Gods on high.  
And when the schools of heaven are past,  
Become a God and peer at last,  
Enthroned and glorified with Him  
Who came to earth to conquer sin,  
And rose through sorrow, pain and woe,  
A life unstained the world to show.

To feel that life, where'er I scan,  
In all its range from mote to man,  
Is nature's child, and e'er will be  
The companion of her destiny;  
That, though the sun may cease to glow,  
As times immortal ebb and flow,  
Record on God's celestial spheres  
Her millions of eternal years,  
Yet, that the life I here behold  
Will still live on and e'er unfold,  
Develop as the ages go,  
And its Creator's wisdom show;  
Reveal the One whose thought divine  
Hath called it forth to ever shine  
In pristine splendor, love and glee,  
In universal symphony.

To feel that aught is ne'er in vain,  
That disappointment, death and pain,  
That all the ills I ever know,  
Are given me, not as a foe,  
But as a blessing in disguise,  
To train my soul to strive and rise,  
To give me pleasure (though it may seem  
This thought is but an idle dream),  
To show me what no other could—  
That man and God and life are good.

To toil along in virtue's way,  
And learn the lessons of each day.  
To live a humble life, and true,  
And envy none who nobler do.  
To seek all truth in human life,  
And shun its dross, reproach and strife;  
To study history's varied page,  
And find the good in saint and sage;  
To censure not, in friend or foe,  
The wrongs for which I cannot know  
The motives that impelled the deed,  
The soil in which was sown the seed.  
To find the best that man has thought,  
In every age, or writ, or wrought,  
Comes down a heritage to me,  
To give me power and light to see;  
To teach me that in every art,  
In every soul or human heart,  
Are sown the seeds of purity;  
Are lessons that will make me free  
To feel that all the world is one,  
That God is Father, I am son;  
That man is brother, sister dear,  
Regardless of their time or sphere.  
That all the beauty I behold  
In man and nature, quick or cold,  
In child or plant or clod or stone,  
Reflects a light that is my own;  
A light that in my soul will live,  
And warmth and peace and blessing give,  
If I continue e'er to do  
The best I know, and better too,  
Through faith and love and charity  
To make my brother also free.

To live 'mid scenes that God has blessed,  
To seek their truth, their charm, their rest.  
To let the light of heaven shine  
Upon my soul in rays divine.  
To find within each blade and flower,—  
Each tree and shrub and thankful shower,

Each breeze that blows, each bird that sings,  
Each sound that through the forest rings,  
Each beam of light that cheers the eye,  
Each brook that babbles calmly by,  
Each sparkling rill or ocean tide,  
The clouds that through the heavens ride,  
Each little nook, secluded spot,  
Where Nature's charms, in beauty wrought,  
Send forth in clearest accents free,—  
A joyous thought that comforts me.

To know that all I see or hear,  
In every round of month and year,—  
In spring, or fall, or summer grand,  
In winter cold, on sea or land,—  
Is full of sacred, happy lays  
That ever whisper love and praise.  
For, all the earth, in every trend,  
Where seas and vales and hills extend,  
Reveals a glory far and nigh  
That bids me pause and look on high;  
And feel that all the heavens above  
Bear tokens of my Father's love;  
That space and time, and systems bold,  
That stars and suns and worlds untold,  
Where streams of light and heat disperse,  
Throughout the glorious universe,  
Are all his thought, his work, his plan,  
The destined home of Gods and man;—  
And I, today a humble child,  
If faithful, though on earth reviled,  
Shall leave the wreck of mortal years,  
Of sorrow, sin and earthly fears,  
And rise triumphantly to be  
His son, through all eternity.

## LOVE AND BETROTHALS.

BY JOSEPH E. TAYLOR, OF THE PRESIDENCY OF THE SALT LAKE  
STAKE OF ZION.

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Love is a theme upon which untold volumes have been written in prose and song, and which will not, neither can it, be exhausted while eternity endures.

Its existence is co-eternal with Deity itself. It is one of the attributes of our Father, and has been transmitted to us through himself. It may be classed as the highest; for if any one attribute is superior to another, it certainly is the attribute of love.

It is the foundation stone upon which rests the true happiness of all that is mortal, and it is the basic principle of all future happiness and joy.

If the veil could be lifted which hides from us the vast creations of our Father—which, according to the testimony of Enoch, numbers “millions of earths like this”—and we could see and comprehend them in their varied conditions, from a first estate to celestial felicity, we would readily discover that it is this attribute of love that has been the incentive to the creation and peopling of all worlds, as well as their redemption.

In the language of holy writ, as pertaining to this plurality, which undoubtedly would apply to all others—“Let us create an earth upon which these (my children) may dwell.” When this was completed, everything necessary for their sustenance was most liberally provided.

Foreseeing man's fall and its serious consequences, this principle of love called forth a plan for his redemption. Although it required the highest gift which heaven alone could furnish, yet that gift was not withheld, for, according to the record of the

Apostle John, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He further records, that this beloved Son was possessed of the same feelings of love which was manifested by the Father: for he says, when speaking in honor of the Savior, "Unto him that LOVED us and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Jesus himself says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you," etc. That he had reached the highest point in this attribute in the sacrifice of himself is without question, as the following language fully demonstrates: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

In this sacrifice made by the Son as a gift from the Father, we can readily perceive to what heights this principle can attain. But we wish to consider some of the other phases of its character, those especially that relate to us in our fallen condition.

The love of the child for the parent undoubtedly has its origin in its entire dependence upon father and mother, and those kindly ministrations, which it derives from this source. For not only are its many wants lovingly supplied, but they are also anticipated. In this manner is the love for the parent begotten in the breast of the child. Begotten did I say? This is hardly correct. It is the love of the parent that calls it into action. For long before it can comprehend, much less explain the reason why, the child is reciprocating in its childish way the father's and mother's love.

This love increases in a proportionate ratio as it comes to understand its parents' affection and devotion. It attains its highest degree and exhibits itself most prominently when parents, through age and infirmity, become dependent upon and require the kindly ministrations of their own offspring.

There is the love of brother and sister of the same family for each other, growing out of a continuous association of one another, as well as having one common and undivided interest. It is the child-love expanding itself, and reaching out, God-like, to all with whom it is connected and associated.

MOTHER.—The word mother embodies all there is of untiring devotion, patient endurance, as well as pure and undying affection.



Excepting the terms used in speaking of Deity, it is the most sacred word in all the vocabularies of the civilized world, as well as in the crude and unwritten languages of the heathen. A mother's love for her child is only bounded by the opportunities afforded her to exhibit it.

Isaiah asks the question, "Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" The intimation here given is, that there is only the barest possibility that such condition could exist. I will venture the assertion: that a mother thus forgetful is a woman unsexed. To use the word mother in such a case would be a decided misnomer.

I presume my youthful readers would like that I should come as quickly as possible to the consideration of the love that springs up between the sexes who have been heretofore strangers to each other.

The word affinity, which means relationship by marriage, in contradistinction to consanguinity, or blood relationship, is freely used by some speakers and writers to explain this soul-absorbing phenomenon; but despite every effort to solve this wonderful problem, it still remains an unexplained enigma; and we are forced to the conclusion that its origin is not of earth, but that it is heaven-born.

Some have claimed that matches—or the union of the sexes upon this earth—were made in heaven, or pre-arranged before we came to earth. And whenever such ones were brought in contact with each other, they very naturally gravitate towards one another; and to these are assured undying love the one for the other, with no thought of separation, no matter how adverse may be the circumstances or conditions surrounding them.

To this we reply, such a theory is without support in the revelations that have come to us. In no place, and at no time in the history of this Church, has the Lord empowered his servants to designate to each man the identical woman he should marry, nor woman's acceptance of any man similarly designated. There may have been individual instances where the servants of the Lord, under a true inspiration, have suggested certain unions; but in no such instance have they been at all mandatory, the choice being left to the individual man or woman.

These unions being a voluntary act on their part, it is then sanctified by the sacred ordinance of marriage as ordained of God. Were this not so, our Father would be held largely responsible for the unhappiness which in too many instances follows marriage. Parental counsel and advice upon this point, we will consider later. That man should choose wisely, and that woman should accept understandingly, a partner for life, will not be denied; but by what rule shall the choice be made and the acceptance given?

Some years ago, I listened to the reading of a most excellent essay upon this subject at a Y. L. M. I. A. conference, which had been prepared by a young lady officer of the organization. She laid great stress upon the necessity of seeking the mind and will of the Lord by earnest prayer. Being asked to follow the reading of the essay by some remarks, I ventured to ask if the mind and will of parents was not also important upon this subject, and would not the Lord be apt to manifest his will through the channel of a faithful parent?

'Tis true, the custom has obtained quite extensively in the world, and to a small degree among us, for the son or daughter to form an attachment, become engaged, and then ask father and mother for their consent to a marriage with the one they had chosen, and only in a few exceptional cases is anything less than a ready acquiescence anticipated. In some few instances, clandestine marriages are resorted to when the parents' consent is doubtful, thus placing even kind, parental opposition at defiance.

This was not always so. The patriarch Abraham sent his faithful servant to the home of his near kinsman, Bethuel, to select a wife for his son Isaac, who accepted without a question the woman thus chosen, and the marriage was a most happy one. Isaac and his wife Rebekah felt keenly the wrong their oldest son Esau had done, not only in not consulting them in regard to his marriage, but in marrying strange women from among the Hittites. The record says it was a "grief of mind unto Isaac and Rebekah." (Gen. 26: 35.)

Isaac commanded his younger son Jacob that he should not take a wife from among the Canaanites, their neighbors; but bade him go to his brother-in-law Laban and select a wife from among his daughters. This Jacob did, as his father Isaac had done,

without any remonstrance whatever. In thus obeying his father, he pleased the Lord, and inherited the blessings of his father Isaac and his grandfather Abraham; and from him came the twelve tribes of Israel, God's chosen seed. In addition to the blessings of Abraham and Isaac, he received the blessing of this land—America—as an added inheritance for his posterity.

The Lord through Moses gave a strict commandment to this chosen seed that both sons and daughters should not marry outside their own people (Deut. 7: 3.) The prophet Nehemiah says, he cursed some of the Jews for thus transgressing. He declared that they had defiled the priesthood in so doing. He made them swear that they would not repeat the offense of marrying their sons or their daughters to strangers. (Nehemiah 13: 23-31.) In the Doctrine and Covenants, section 85, the Lord refers to what was done to the children of the priest, as recorded in Ezra chapter 2: 61, 62. Their priesthood was taken from them because they had polluted themselves by marrying strange wives.

In the ninth and tenth chapters of Ezra; it is recorded that a great number were under the necessity not only of confessing their wrong in marrying strange wives, but they had to put them away, and also the children that were the fruit of these marriages.

Parents in those days were under the responsibility of preventing these marriages, and were held accountable for any such neglect. We can, therefore, readily suppose that children, as a rule, sought the counsel of their parents in regard to any attachment they wished to form with one of the opposite sex, and received their full consent before doing so.

Among the orthodox Jews at the present time, no betrothal takes place without the full consent of the parents of both parties. It is attended with a certain religious ceremony, also a feast—"the feast of betrothal."

In this Church, where most fathers have been ordained to offices in the Melchizedek priesthood, they should be recognized as patriarchs in their own family. It is, therefore, quite obvious to all who will give this subject a little reflection, that the children of of such parentage should receive their counsel and obtain their sanction before making an engagement even, much more before giving a promise of marriage.

Every child should recognize his parents' authority, and prove himself worthy of a father's and mother's blessing. In the language of our late President Wilford Woodruff: "There is no authority greater than that of a God-fearing man in his own family, nor anything greater than a faithful father's blessing."

Who can feel a greater interest in the welfare of a child than a loving parent? Who so well prepared to give suitable and wise counsel? Where either parental care or ability is wanting, this lack can be readily supplied through the priesthood, whose kindly ministrations are easily obtained. No young man or woman need go astray for the want of wise counsel and direction, if it is only sought. We, therefore, repeat the question: Is not the mind and will of faithful parents upon the choice of a companion for life all-important and worthy of our respectful consideration and ready compliance? In short, is it not paramount? For, be it remembered, that the Lord manifests his will through those channels that he has himself ordained to receive the same.

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#### EVENTS PROCLAIM JOSEPH A PROPHET.

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The constant accumulation of evidence, proving the divinity of the mission of the prophet Joseph Smith, and establishing the authenticity of the Book of Mormon, is little less than startling. Science and current history are slowly but surely demonstrating the seership of the one, and the truth of the other. Joseph declared that the Saints would be persecuted and driven. Desolate homes, and fleeing fugitives, in a land of liberty, proclaim him a prophet.

Again, that same prophet proclaimed war and destruction when all was peace, and designated the place of its outbreak. The cannons' roar at Sumter; the din of a thousand battles; the moan of a million mothers; the wail of a multitude of widows and orphans; the cry of the confederacy for British aid; these each and all declare him divinely inspired.

When Utah was no part of the United States, and the great west was a wild wilderness, he declared a time when his people would go to the Rocky Mountains, and there become a mighty people. Populous cities; the whirl and buzz of industry; temple spires pointing heavenward, all witness the truth of this last prediction.

—DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

## JOHN NICHOLSON.

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BY ORSON F. WHITNEY.

(*Concluded from page 368.*)

John obtained employment as a house painter, but was soon called away from it by his sometime president, Apostle George Q. Cannon, who requested him to canvass in the interest of the *Juvenile Instructor*, which he had just established. In this capacity he traveled over a large portion of the Territory on horseback, a mode of travel entirely new to him, though the horse he rode was old enough and stiff enough to make up for his rider's lack of experience. Experience came quickly in the shape of several involuntary somersaults performed over the neck of the tall, gaunt animal, who had a disagreeable and dangerous habit of falling on his knees when going down hill. Fortunately no serious injury resulted to the horseman.

Several years later, however, in 1869, while riding another animal near Wellsville, Cache valley, he met with a serious accident. His horse, slipping on the ice, fell upon him with such force as to lacerate, in a terrible manner, his right leg, tearing apart the bones at the knee joint. Surgical treatment and good nursing, under the blessing of God, gave him back his health, but he was partly lamed for life. This injury was to the same limb that had been hurt by a fall when he was a youth of eighteen, practicing his trade of painter and paperhanger.

On June 1, 1867, John Nicholson became a married man, wedding Miss Susannah Keep, a very estimable lady, who has borne to him ten children. On October 12, 1871, he entered into the same relationship with Miss Miranda Cutler, another amiable and worthy

lady, sister to Bishop Thomas R. Cutler, of Lehi, and to the Cutler Brothers of Salt Lake City. By this wife he has had five children.

While in the British mission, our friend had been a frequent contributor to the *Millennial Star*, and this exercise had increased his desire to write. In Utah he furnished occasional articles to the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph* over the *nom de plume* of "Yno." The proprietor of the paper, T. B. H. Stenhouse, discovering the identity of the writer, offered him employment, to begin January 1, 1868. He accepted the offer, but remained with the *Telegraph* only until April, when he was tendered a position on the *Deseret News* by Apostle George Q. Cannon, then in charge of that establishment. Excepting occasional periods of absence while fulfilling missions or performing other labors, he remained with the *News* for nearly twenty-five years. During the early part of this time he was city editor. In later years, he held the position of associate editor with that able and brilliant journalist, Charles W. Penrose.

In the winter of 1872-3 was organized the Twentieth Ward Institute, which may be regarded as one of the forerunners of the great Mutual Improvement system now spread like a network over the entire Church. Its object was the intellectual, moral and religious improvement of its members—especially the young. It was a prosperous association, well attended by both sexes. John Nicholson, its principal founder, was its first president, twice re-elected; but he was unable to serve the third term, owing to the division of the Twentieth ward, a portion of it—the one in which he resided—being given back to the Eighteenth ward, out of which the Twentieth originally came.

In February, 1876, he was ordained a Seventy, and set apart as one of the presidents of the twenty-fourth quorum. On the eighth of the ensuing July he was ordained a High Priest by President Daniel H. Wells, and set apart as first counselor to Bishop Lorenzo D. Young, of the Eighteenth ward. December eighth of the same year, when the Mutual Improvement system was centralized, he became secretary of the general committee; and in the spring of 1878, was appointed president of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Salt Lake Stake, but was unable to fill these places for any length of time, as he was called on a mission to Europe.

Leaving home in August, 1878, he arrived in Liverpool on the sixth of September. His chief duty while abroad was editing the *Millennial Star*, under the direction of President William Budge. In the intervals of literary labor he visited most of the conferences and preached the gospel indoors and outdoors, wherever he found opportunity. He had the pleasure of baptizing nine converts, who afterwards came to Utah. In charge of a company of three hundred and fifty Saints, on the steamship *Wyoming*, he left Liverpool on the twenty-third of October, 1880. He arrived in Salt Lake City on the eleventh of November.

He continued to reside at his old home, but in the spring of 1881 was appointed by President John Taylor editor of the *Ogden Herald*, a journal newly established to succeed the *Ogden Junction*; and during the next six months he spent most of his time in that city. Among his associates on the *Herald* was Edward H. Anderson, now United States Surveyor-General for Utah, and associate editor of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, who relates the following incident:

To have a definite understanding with people on important matters appears to be one of John Nicholson's characteristics, marked as strongly as his open and emphatic expressions of meaning which need never be misunderstood.

As local editor of the *Ogden Herald* was Prof. Leo Haefeli, a man possessing more knowledge of language than discretion and judgment, but withal a pleasant and energetic newsgatherer. He was, however, often in trouble with "toughs" and "hobos" who infested the city and its saloons, because he insisted upon airing their faults in his local notes.

On one occasion, a sorely vexed character of this class, with revolver in hand, chased Haefeli up two long flights of stairs into the editorial rooms where the writer of locals sought protection from his chief. John Nicholson faced the culprit with a look that apparently made him forget both his revolver and his business, and ordered him to get out. He turned to go out, but in passing through the door swore, with a flourish of his weapon, that he would fix Haefeli. Going down one flight of stairs, he rushed into the business office, and, placing his pistol in a convenient spot on my desk, coolly informed me that he was "laying" for the local editor who had slandered him, and that he would "fix" him in short order when he came down stairs. He asked for a lawyer, and I hurried him into Attorney D. W. Felshaw's office, next door, greatly

relieved to get rid of him. I had no more than got seated before Nicholson came into the office and with great determination said:

"Did you see that man?"

"Yes; all I want to see of him."

"Well, he must be found, and we must have an understanding with him. Will you go with me to find him?"

We then confronted the stranger, and John, unarmed save in determination, put the question to him: "What did you mean by saying you would 'fix' the local editor?" After considerable talk and much bluster on the part of our friend with the pistol, an amicable understanding was arrived at. We left a greatly tamed stranger, fully confident that the local editor was safe from any further "fixing," which proved true.

He continued to edit the *Ogden Herald* until the autumn of 1881, when he was recalled to Salt Lake, to resume his former position on the *News*. Near the close of 1884, owing to the absence of Editor Penrose, in Europe, the conduct of the paper devolved upon Associate-Editor Nicholson, and at that time the author of this sketch was its city editor. Brother Nicholson continued to do the work of chief editor until October, 1885.

This was in the very thick of the anti-polygamy crusade, and the vigorous manner in which the *News* thundered away at the abuses of the hour, sparing neither high nor low, when necessary to vindicate truth and justice, soon brought upon the courageous journalist, whose caustic pen had excoriated judges, prosecutors, marshals and raiders in general, the inevitable visitation. He was arrested March 7, 1885, on a charge of unlawful cohabitation, and placed under bonds to await the action of the grand jury. That body promptly indicted him. Arraigned before Chief Justice Zane, he declined to plead, and a plea of not guilty was directed to be entered in his case. At the solicitation of the defendant, an agreement was reached between counsel on both sides that the prisoner would himself give all the evidence necessary to insure conviction, provided the prosecution would not insist on compelling members of his family to testify. Accordingly at the trial, on the thirteenth of October, the accused admitted his relationship with his wives, stating that he still recognized them as such, and the jury forthwith found a verdict of guilty.



To a question from the judge, as to whether he had anything to say before sentence was passed upon him, Elder Nicholson responded with a very earnest and impressive address, noted for its marked effect upon the court and all present, embodying a most logical argument in support of his position. His remarks, and those of the judge in reply, appear in full in "Tullidge's History of Salt Lake City," and in synopsised form in "Whitney's History of Utah." The defendant was sentenced to pay a fine of three hundred dollars and costs, and to undergo a term of six months' imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary. He was incarcerated on the day of his sentence.

Prior to entering the Penitentiary, he had an interview with President John Taylor, who was in exile for the same cause to which he was now to become a convict for conscience sake. He will never forget that final meeting, nor the impression made upon him by the grand man then standing at the head of the Church. Three times, when bidding him farewell, the aged and stalwart leader said: "John, never surrender."

He entered the prison with Elder Andrew Smith, who had been a police officer of Salt Lake City. As they passed into the yard, they were greeted by a noisy crowd of striped convicts, who howled, swore and shouted, "Kill him, lynch him, hang him," etc. For a moment Elder Nicholson thought some of these hostile greetings were meant for him, but he quickly recalled the fact that his companion had been a peace officer, and in that capacity had been called upon to give vigorous attention to certain members of the uproarious throng, which soon parted and permitted them to pass along.

While in prison, our friend framed a bill to lessen for good conduct the terms of the convicts. This bill was placed in the hands of a member of the Legislature of 1886, and was passed by that body and approved by Governor Murray. It is a liberal measure, still in force, and commonly known as the "Copper Act." It is based upon the principle that the penitentiary process should be corrective, and not merely punitive. He made copious notes, during his imprisonment, of incidents, both humorous and pathetic, which have not yet been published. One of his principal books, "The Martyrdom of Joseph Standing," was also written in the

Penitentiary, from data furnished by his fellow prisoner, Elder Rudger Clawson, an eye-witness to the murder of the young missionary.

In addition to these works and his journalistic writings, Elder Nicholson has written and printed various other books and pamphlets; among them "The Means of Escape," "The Latter-day Prophet," and "Comprehensive Salvation," pamphlets published in England, in 1879; "The Preceptor—A Simple System for Enabling Young Men to Acquire a Knowledge of the Doctrines of the Gospel and the Ability to Preach Them," published in 1885; "The Tennessee Massacre and Its Causes, or the Utah Conspiracy," a lecture delivered, first in the Twelfth Ward Hall, and afterwards, by request, in the Salt Lake Theatre, September 22, 1884. He has been a contributor to various local magazines, occasionally to eastern publications, and is also the author of hymns and poems. His style, both in speaking and in writing, is vigorous and impressive, and may be either humorous or pathetic. He is a master of satire, a logical reasoner, an original thinker, and when strongly moved, an intense and powerful speaker. His lecture on the Tennessee Massacre was one of the most remarkable emanations of satire and denunciation to which this writer ever listened.

He underwent a severe ordeal while in prison. His father, then seventy-five years old, was taken ill, and it was soon evident that he was nearing the end of his earthly life. He expressed a desire to see his son, and application was made to the United States marshal to permit the prisoner to visit his dying parent. The marshal flatly refused. When the veteran passed away, a similar effort was made to have the son attend the funeral, and again Marshal Ireland peremptorily denied the privilege. The imprisoned man spent several days struggling with his feelings, trying to bring himself into a condition to forgive the marshal this inhuman treatment. He succeeded, and shortly afterwards returned good for evil by defending him through the Salt Lake *Herald* against certain correspondence and articles published in that paper, describing alleged abuses at the penitentiary. Elder Nicholson in his communication pointed out the baseless character of many of the charges, showing that some of the so-called abuses had no existence, while in other instances, involving

the absence of facilities necessary to make the lives of the inmates fairly endurable, the marshal was not responsible.

On emerging from the Penitentiary in March, 1886, Brother Nicholson resumed his position as associate editor of the *News*, and remained upon the staff of the pioneer journal until September 30, 1892, when he with Brother Penrose and other old-time employes went out with the incoming of a new management. Said the veteran editor in his valedictory: "For twelve years I have had the editorial charge of the Daily, Semi-weekly and Weekly *Deseret News*, and have been aided by a corps of talented, faithful and diligent assistants, with whom I have been upon the most friendly terms and whose work I now most cordially commend. Of my associate editor, Elder John Nicholson, who also retires from this office, I cannot speak but in terms of the highest praise. The soul of honor and integrity, a man of sound judgment and unswerving faith, he has given his whole force of mind and character to the promotion of the public welfare, which has been identified with the *Deseret News*. I part with these gentlemen with profound regret, and with the same feeling I close my communications to the public through these columns."

While yet upon the *News*, in the spring of 1891, Brother Nicholson, for the benefit of his health and with the consent and approval of the First Presidency, took a trip to Great Britain, being set apart as a missionary before leaving home. He departed on the thirtieth of May and returned the following September. While abroad, by direction of the president of the European Mission, Apostle Brigham Young, he visited a number of conferences, preaching the Gospel wherever opportunity offered. He also obtained some valuable genealogical information concerning his ancestors.

Upon the completion of the Salt Lake Temple, in April, 1893, he was appointed by the First Presidency chairman of a committee to take charge of and conduct the admission of the Saints to that edifice to witness and take part in the ceremonies of its dedication. The proceedings lasted from April 6 to April 18, inclusive, and continued on the 23rd and 24th. It was estimated that about seventy thousand people passed through the building. In

addition some six thousand Sunday school children were admitted on April 21 and 22. Pending the beginning of regular work there, Brother Nicholson was appointed by the First Presidency chief recorder of the Temple, which office he still holds. He also retains the position of clerk of the General Conference, to which he was appointed in April, 1884. Since November 13, 1894, when the Genealogical Society of Utah was established, he has been a director and the vice-president of that organization.

He has always taken a great interest in education. On June 28, 1888, he was elected a member of the Board of Education of the Salt Lake Stake, and one of the trustees of the institution first known as the Latter-day Saints' Academy, next as the Latter-day Saints' College, and now as the Latter-day Saints' University. He still sustains that relation to it. In the midst of all its difficulties and obstacles, he never lost faith in its final success, and has seen it develop step by step into the flourishing institution that it now stands. Since April 6, 1897, he has been a member of the General Church Board of Education.

Despite his pronounced religious nature, his high spiritual temperament, John Nicholson has a strong vein of practicality in him, and as an executive officer is efficient, energetic and thorough. He was one of the founders of Zion's Benefit Building Society, organized in June, 1884, and was a member of its board of directors; but withdrew from the society in October, 1885, owing to his pending imprisonment. On March 21, 1897, he was appointed by Governor Wells a member of the State Board of Labor, Conciliation and Arbitration, and on April 19, 1899, was re-appointed for the four-years term. He has been chairman of the Board continuously since its inception.

On the eleventh day of May, 1887, John Nicholson became a member of the High Council of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. He was ordained and set apart as such by President Angus M. Cannon, assisted by his counselor, President Joseph E. Taylor. Except when abroad, he has been a home missionary of the Stake ever since the system was established, and placed, by the Twelve Apostles, under the direction of Bishop Lorenzo D. Young. He takes pride in punctually and faithfully fulfilling his appointments. In addition to these labors, his voice is frequently heard from the lecture

platform. He is still a member of the High Council. His strong love of justice, outspoken candor and conscientious regard for truth and right, added to his sound judgment, keenness of perception and general intelligence, eminently qualify him for the responsibilities of that sacred and important position. The mellowing spiritual atmosphere of the holy House of God, in which he labors daily, is as congenial to his nature as its influence is manifest in all his ministrations.

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#### SELECTIONS OF INTEREST.

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Important medical and surgical discoveries are reported both in America and from abroad. The news comes from Baltimore of the discovery of an effective serum for the prevention and cure of cholera infantum and kindred diseases, by Dr. Simon Flexner, who is to be chief of staff of the new Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. No less important is an announcement, published on the day that Helen Keller made her impassioned plea before a legislative committee in Boston for the future of the educated blind; a French surgeon has devised an electric apparatus which he says will enable the blind to see, by conveying images directly to the brain, independent of the medium of the eye. The apparatus is being perfected in Paris by Professor Peter Stiens. Physicians assert that the new process is an elaboration of a well-known principle that by contact of certain substances with nerve centres images more or less defined may be impressed upon the brain.—*Collier's*.

"A word to the wise"—"I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave," said a clergyman, deprecatingly, when annoyed by several young people whispering and giggling right in the middle of his "fourthly." "Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the services a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you made a great mistake. That young man you reprov'd is an idiot.' Since that, I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot." There was no occasion to reprove any one during the rest of his sermon.

## TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

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### VI—MANNERS.

#### I.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.

Who misses or who wins the prize,  
Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

In the Orient it is common among the natives, as well as the Europeans, to have as household pets tamed tigers and panthers. A friend, whose life, for the most part, was spent in India, tells an interesting anecdote affecting the manners and habits of two little baby panthers, and an unhappy crow. The story runs about this way: One day, while the two panthers were eating their dinner, and each trying to spare the other from over-eating, a sneaky crow gracefully lowered himself from an over-shadowing tree, and warily approached the much-occupied panthers. They were so absorbed with the meal-taking, that the crow was not noticed until he had siezed the large chunk of meat remaining, and carried it high up in the tree, where he sat down to his easily earned dinner. One little panther turned his head sideways, and with keen eye watched the crow in his aggravating flight. He didn't say much, nor did he make any noise, but quietly made his way around to the tree wherein the crow was perched. Quietly and cautiously he approached, and, with velvet paw and clenching claw, he leaped to the tree trunk and climbed to the upper limbs, keeping his agile little body out of view of the much absorbed crow. Having gained

the very limb which over-hung the pilfering crow, quick as a flash, the panther dropped on the thief, and all three, panther, crow and meat, fell to the ground. Immediately the crow's head was off, and the proudly avenged panther finished his dinner, more clever than when he began.

Now, that was very bad manners on the part of the crow, and he paid for it with his own foolish head. We can't commend the panther for exhibiting much gentility, but we rather enjoy his splendid revenge.

Panthers and crows are not the only badly behaved animals to be found on earth. We once heard a rather good story affecting the conduct of three animals of a different specie, somewhat, to those mentioned.

*Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preached.—Shakespeare.*

After the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon's armies had been disbanded, as you might well suppose, there was quite a conglomerate mixture of European nations. In this confused state of society and business, it must have followed that all sorts of monies were in circulation. It was the custom when one entered a restaurant, to first enquire if the money he had was acceptable. If it was, then they were on a business basis at once, and negotiations were soon made. One day a good-natured Englishman entered a French cafe, and taking the prevailing precaution, showed the Queen's shilling and asked if that was good there. Upon being suavely told that it was "good for anything" the keeper had in his place, John Bull sat down to a table and kept the polite Frenchman gliding back and forth at a lively pace for some time. Roast beef and potatoes were washed down with the best wines, and, finally, he had finished. Strutting up to the counter he planked down the paltry shilling. The Frenchman was amazed, and in passionate excitement exclaimed, "Do you mean to insult me by offering one shilling for the sumptuous repast you have indulged yourself in for the last hour?" With an aggravating grin, the Englishman drawled out, "You told me it was good for anything you had in the place." Seeing how completely he had been victimized, the Frenchman tried to cool himself with a deep, long breath. Then

an idea struck him, and his face became quite genial again. Said he, "I will let you go free on one condition, and that is that you play the same trick on my competitor across the way." John Bull seemed to hesitate, and this made his victim the more anxious. The Frenchman then offered a half sovereign to the joker if he would try his best to trick the other restaurant keeper. Finally, accepting the half sovereign, and putting it into his tightened vest pocket, he replied: "I will try it on him tomorrow, but I don't know how I shall succeed, for I played it on him yesterday, and he gave me five shillings to play it on you today."

Now, this was very bad manners on the part of these three men. It doesn't differ a particle, so far as motives are concerned, from the panthers and the crow. The only difference was, they had the pleasure of successful revenge, while the others did not.

There are lots of panthers and crows, and envious other little animals moving about in nearly every corner of the globe. They are always looking out for self, and the only trouble is they are not taught the lessons of civility soon enough. Man differs from other animals in that he has a sense of morality. It may not always be found to exist in a highly developed state in him, but it is there, and is capable of the highest possible cultivation, if only the necessary discipline is undertaken. This is the quality which raises man above the worm, and when that quality is neglected and abused, man, with rapid descent, falls to the level of the groveling worm. This is always the case with the man who is indifferent to the interests of his fellows. It is somewhat of a paradox that man serves himself best when he serves himself least; and when he serves others best, he serves himself most,—yet that is the true law of human association.

It is most natural for an untrained person to seek his own pleasure. Instinctively he does that from his first infant breath. But he rises out of narrow self, just in proportion as he endeavors to promote the pleasures of others. Thus is accomplished his second birth—the birth into a higher life. This second birth is not attained in an instant, but comes as a result of obtaining mastery over self. Self is groveling and low, and must be subdued. And though it may be conquered and held under perfect control, it cannot be banished far away. Its only way of annihilation is to so



cultivate the second higher self that it absorbes and obliterates the other. Here is the greatest task a mortal can undertake. And for its accomplishment Divine Love has pointed out the way, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye must be born again, (or from above) \* \* And I will send unto you the Comforter and he will help you." This is the surest and safest way to a genuine second birth. But even those holy ordinances do not preclude human effort, and personal exertion. They and their attendant blessings only act as aids in the struggle for self-emancipation.

In human affairs, there are almost hourly temptations to promote the evil that is within us. Some one has said:

*"Man's nature runs either to weeds or flowers, he must seasonably prune the one and nurture the other."*

These little crises that so frequently come into our poor ways afford such striking opportunities to show which we are, gentlemen or animals. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." When exasperated over conflicting affairs, our tempers give way, and then the evil one enters the unguarded mind, for self-control has been dethroned. That is the critical moment. Then the tongue says words which a life of sorrow can not obliterate, then scars are made that a world of tears cannot efface.

It is much harder to endure an insult than to resent one. It is also harder to receive a rebuke than to give one. None but the self-mastered spirit can regain itself, and stand serene under such a lash. Only a few learn how to receive the lash of a rebuke and desist from resentment. And how grand is that spirit which can gain the triumph in silence.

A strong illustration of such a character was exhibited in an incident in the life of the late Professor ————. It was his custom to read the Bible each morning with the family, and then kneel in prayer. This morning, while reading the scriptures, the little child, seated beside the father, became restless. He gently corrected it once, but the second time he tapped it on the ear, thus administering a gentle rebuke. No sooner had he done this than the aged grandmother arose from beside the fireplace, and in the presence of the assembled family, and students then boarding with the Professor, approached the man standing with Bible in hand, and gave him an uncomfortable cuff on the ear, with

this salutation, "You strike your child, I strike mine." The blood rushed to his face. The fury of a bursting volcano seemed not more terrible, but silence was his safeguard in that terrific struggle, and by her aid he won. It was a splendid victory. A moment or two later, he knelt, and his first words were a prayer for grace and aid in conquering self, in showing proper treatment of others. That was the proudest triumph we have ever known. Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, Wellington, and the conquerors of all time, cannot, in point of merit, put one of their victories alongside of that one so supremely heroic. It is only approached by Sir Walter Raleigh, when, challenged by a haughty courtier, he refused to enter the combat with so base a fellow. To the injury was added insult, when the wretch spit in Raleigh's face. Then came the splendid, triumphant reply, "If I could wipe your blood from my hand as I can your spit from my face, I would thrust you through this instant!"

*The foundation for good manners is in home conduct.*

It is quite natural for men to put on good manners in public, for the good will of the dear public is quite a comforting thing. But though such a man may have a reputation for civility, he alone is the true gentleman whose gracious manners have the freest play in the home. It is in the home that the real character is known. The closeness of the relationship makes it almost impossible for it to be otherwise. And there is a wide difference between the two words reputation and character. The first is merely what people *think* one to be, the latter what he really *is*.

It is a great blessing for a child to be born of gentle and refined parents. The difference between such children and those born of uncouth parents corresponds to the difference exhibited between the primitive, pungent, sour, scrubby, little crab apple, and the delicately flavored, mellow, rosy, delicious apple of the modern orchard. Both are the result of grafting, or heredity and environment. Heredity will not do it all for children, any more than it will for fruit. The same with environment, in both cases.

A chile's amang ye takin' notes,  
And, faith, he'll prate 'em.

Parents are often humiliated, when they have company, by the

ungrammatical expressions of their children. Sometimes the children don't sit on high chairs either. The observing visitor has to join with the host and blame the neighbor's boys for such things, but he has to laugh up his sleeve when he thinks of the neighbor's neighbors. Children are mere parrots up to a considerable age. As Ingersol said, in speaking of the child—"By love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech." Children of English-speaking parents don't become proficient in the Japanese tongue. They invariably speak the language their ears first learn to recognize. If they hear slang and bad grammar, they must make use of it, and as evidence of their innocence in the matter witness them carry such things into their first little prayers. Children are not responsible for the language they use. Do you blame children for being profane? They didn't invent profanity. They only use bad words because they think it sounds manly. If the adults of this generation were to cease the use of bad language, the next generation would be without guile in their mouths.

If parents could only control their tempers in home affairs, we believe that children, i. e., healthy children, would soon grow to a contempt and shame of anger. If there is any more trying and wearing position than that of domestic management, it has not been found, and on that account we desire to extend patience and charity to over-taxed parents. But this consciousness does not dissuade us from making the observation that many a child learns its first lesson of anger from its parents, the very last source in the world for such a lesson. But anger begets anger, even more readily than love begets love.

So that the home is the source of human conduct, and the most potent environment for good or ill in determining the character.

Manners in church and in business will form the subject of the next Talk.

## SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J.-M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

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### *Chamberlain in South Africa.*

Now that the mission of Chamberlain to South Africa is closing, people are beginning to take an inventory of results, in order to determine whether they justify the undertaking. Mr. Chamberlain journeyed in South Africa as far north as the Transvaal, and talked to the Boers on various occasions, holding out to them the "olive leaf." From most reliable information, he has certainly allayed much prejudice in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

One of the chief purposes of his visit was to confer with the mine owners at Johannesburg; become familiar with the conditions of this great mining camp; and reach some definite conclusion, amicably if possible, as to what proportion of the great war debt the mine owners, for whose benefit the war was carried on, could pay; for the landed interests in this country cannot bear any of the burden. The mine owners agreed to meet directly \$150,000,000, by taxation, and they further agreed to be responsible for the interest and sinking fund of another \$150,000,000. This last named sum is to be expended largely in the development of the agricultural resources of the country.

The British will do all they can to have the Boer farmer remain in the country. The mining districts afford him a market for his produce, and the agricultural developments of the country will make farm-products much cheaper for the mine owners. It is hardly likely, therefore, that the Dutch will accept any of the inducements, either in this country or in South America to colonize in the western hemisphere. The Boer is attached to his African

home, and is not likely to leave it, especially in view of the strong inducements that Great Britain will offer him to remain. Certainly Mr. Chamberlain has done much to bring about in the newly acquired colonies a more harmonious feeling.

The Dutch of Cape Colony, who are generally called the Afrikanders, are more irreconcilable. They experience a most inveterate hatred toward Lord Milner, their governor. Mr. Chamberlain, of course, would not yield to any appeal for Lord Milner's removal; so Cape Colony will probably experience race antagonisms stronger than they were before the war.

Some of the problems that exist can be solved only by time and patience. One of South Africa's great problems is the labor question. Shall the Kaffirs, or the negro race there, be subjected to a condition of peonage—a sort of compulsion in the matter of labor that smacks too much of slavery to be tolerated by the British public? Shall the mine owners import negroes from Central Africa, or shall they import coolie labor from China? The latter would be preferable to them. If inferior races are employed to work the mines, the Europeans will have to leave, and it is the European workman who is agitating the labor question, and insisting that both negroes and Chinese be kept away from the mines. That question Mr. Chamberlain left just where he found it—in the air. Altogether, the results of Mr. Chamberlain's mission may be said to entirely justify the undertaking.

There is another delicate question which the English of Cape Colony will urge upon the mother government. The English colonists of the Cape want the constitution of South Africa suspended, in other words, they would have the Afrikanders, whom they regard as enemies to the British government, disfranchised. But taking away a colony's constitution might prove an embarrassment to Great Britain in other countries. If England can discipline the Afrikanders by taking away their constitution, why may they not likewise discipline the Canadians or the Australians. Certainly such an action would not result in strengthening Great Britain's hold upon her colonies.

*The Failure of the Educated Class to Reproduce Itself.*

A novel investigation has been carried on at Harvard Uni-

versity with a view of answering the question, "Does the educated class reproduce itself?" Six graduating classes of men, who had graduated from the university more than twenty-five years ago, were selected for the purpose of determining the average number of children born to each graduate. The figures show that to each of these graduates the average number of children is two. The president in summing up in his report says: "If it be assumed that the surviving children are about one half males, it follows that these six classes have by no means reproduced themselves. They have indeed fallen twenty per cent short of it." President Eliot concludes that the highly educated class in America does not reproduce itself, and thinks the cause of this failure is to be found largely in the fact that college men postpone marriage until late in life. The conclusion, however, will hardly commend itself to a large number of people, who will be prone to think that in such cases the college man does not have more children simply because he does not want them, and shirks the responsibility of rearing a family.

*The Jewish Encyclopedia.*

The publication by Funk & Wagnalls, 30 Lafayette Place, New York, of the great Jewish Encyclopedia, three volumes of which are now out of press, will undoubtedly prove the most valuable contribution to Jewish life, religion and literature that has ever appeared. This voluminous work will be issued in twelve large volumes, and will treat of every phase of Jewish history from the earliest times. There is hardly an important nation, either in ancient or modern times, that has not felt in some way, and at some period, the influence of Jewish life. The art, science and government of the Jews have rendered valuable aid to the world's civilization. This great Encyclopedia will contain about all that is worth knowing of Jewish life and character. There are enlisted in its production the greatest scholars of the world, both Jews and Christians. It is truthfully said in the preface to the first volume that the world's interest in the Jews is now, perhaps, keener than ever before. The "Mormons," who have always had a particular and peculiar interest in the Jewish people, will gladly

welcome any new publication intended to throw light upon the history of this wonderful race. With reference to the Jews in this country, the preface states:

The entire field of the history, sociology, economics, and statistics of the Jews in America has hitherto been left almost uncultivated. There has, for example, been no attempt to present a comprehensive account concerning the foundation of the earliest Jewish communities, either in North or South America or in the West Indies. The developmental stages through which Judaism has passed in America, although of extreme interest, not only in themselves, but as promising to react upon the shaping of Judaism over all the world, have received but little attention. In the Jewish Encyclopedia the facts concerning Jews and Judaism in the New World are for the first time adequately presented.

Interesting extracts from this Encyclopedia will appear in the columns of the ERA, and the appearance of the succeeding volumes will be announced as they come from the press. The Encyclopedia will naturally find its way into the public libraries.

#### *The Negro's Appointment to Federal Offices.*

The outcry in the South against the appointment of Dr. Crum as revenue collector at the port of Charleston, South Carolina, has evidently made itself heard in the Senate of the United States, where Dr. Crum's confirmation has been refused. It is generally believed that the President will again appoint Dr. Crum, so that his services will go right on during vacation in spite of his rejection by the Senate. The negro is really becoming quite a factor in the Northern states, and it is not easy to defy his political influence. Those who want the negro's political support in the North, and favor his appointment to office in the South, are between two most uncomfortable fires. During the writer's recent visit to the East, he found the subject discussed in Missouri, in a most heated manner. The antagonism to the negro seems almost as strong there as it is in South Carolina. The negroes are emigrating north in great numbers; the negro problem is, therefore, becoming one of large and serious dimensions.

#### *The Troubles in Macedonia.*

Some months ago, Austria and Russia determined that the

government of Macedonia was greatly in need of reform, and that officials of some small power, such as Switzerland or Belgium, should be chosen to bring about the needed reformation. Finally, the great powers were induced to join Austria and Russia in their demand for better government for the Christians, in the Sultan's empire. The administration of the affairs of government in Turkey is most wretched. The officials, in the first place, are venal, as they rarely get salaries for services rendered. The besetting sin of the Turk is his great aversion to any sort of physical disturbance. He is an enemy to modern civilization. And the Christian subjects of Turkey, the Rayahs, are not much more progressive than the Turks; perhaps they would be, if an opportunity were given. At present, however, the Bulgarians are the cause of the trouble in Macedonia. They style themselves a committee whose avowed purpose is the liberation of Macedonia from Turkish rule. With them the end justifies the means, and so these Bulgarian brigands are plundering, robbing, stealing, blackmailing, and committing all sorts of depredations in Macedonia, in hopes that a war may be brought on, and Europe be compelled, for the sake of peace, to intervene and give Macedonia over to Bulgaria. It was these same Bulgarians who kidnapped Miss Stone, and compelled the American people to pay a heavy ransom. One cannot resist the wish that the Turks might be given a free hand in punishing these Bulgarian Christians.

Of course, the Sultan promises the reforms which the powers have demanded. All the world is looking on to see whether the reforms will be carried out. And now it really looks as if some of the great powers were blackmailing Turkey, by following up the demand for governmental reform by demands for franchises and concessions, which will result in the enrichment of certain European powers, as well as a hold upon Turkish territory. Germany is anxious to have her railroad completed through Asia Minor, and the valley of the Mesopotamia, to Bagdad; Britain wants certain ports, on the Persian Gulf, that would give her control over southern Arabia; and Russia is pushing her demands for railroad concessions, through Persia and Asiatic Turkey, to the Persian Gulf. It may be that the Sultan in this way can buy off all the great powers, and thus escape what seems to be the



impossible—the betterment of Turkish government. In the end, commercial interests will dominate Turkey, and commercial interests will be the strongest factors in the improvement of conditions in Turkey. The poor Turk himself is as much in need of reformed conditions as the Christians themselves, in that country.

*A New Way of Proselyting.*

On the east side of New York are found the densely populated centers of Jewish life, called the Ghetto. Recently, Christians have been making every effort to Christianize the Jews; and the Jews, in turn, are now resisting and resenting the efforts. A writer from among the Jews says: "Christian settlement houses, nurseries, clubs, schools, and kindergartens, are attracting our children by the hundreds, aye, thousands, under the cloak of non-sectarianism." "These missionary agencies," he says, "have been unsparing, even to the point of extravagance, in the distribution of toys, dolls, candies, and the like. The little ones come home from the kindergartens singing songs of praise to Jesus." Another writer complains that there are too many Jews who observe Christmas, that the Christmas tree is too much in evidence, and that Santa Claus is too familiar a character among Jewish children.

*The Motor-Bicycle.*

The great success in the construction and operation of the automobile has led to the application of motor power to the bicycle. The hard work required in running the bicycle has confined its use to the young who are possessed of good muscular powers. The invention, however, of motor apparatus for running the bicycle will make its use very much more general, and increase very materially its speed. In Great Britain, the motor-bicycle is growing very rapidly in use. It is somewhat heavier, however, than the ordinary wheel. As a rule, its weight with all apparatus attached is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, though some of sixty-five pound weight have been constructed and are in use. The cost of the new motor machine is from two hundred to three hundred dollars. It is not at all unlikely that its use in this coun-

try will become quite general during the coming bicycle season. Inventions are the order of the day.

*A Curious Discovery.*

The value of blood as a food for cattle and horses has been discovered, and this waste product of the slaughter-houses is now turned to new economic advantage. The slaughter-houses of the world would furnish a fairly good-sized river of blood which has been regarded as a waste product.

In Germany, experiments have been made with a view of determining its use as a food product, and now comes the announcement that a factory has been established for the preparation of what is called in that country "Blut-Kraft Futter" (blood-strength fodder). This fodder consists of a mixture of blood, chaff of grain, the husks of peanuts, and molasses. The blood, of course, is sterilized and steam-dried.

To the milch cow, three pounds a day are fed, and for fattening, seven pounds a head per day. It is said to have excellent effect upon horses, and is cheaper in Germany than the food ordinarily given to cattle and horses. In the feeding of a horse with this mixture, eight cents per day are saved, and ten cents in the feeding of a milch cow. It is believed that the government will make use of the new discovery for their cavalry horses. Science is making wonderful contributions to the economic conditions of life.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### CONGRESS AND THE "MORMONS."

The Fifty-seventh Congress, which has just adjourned, has to its record many substantial achievements for the public good. It provided civil government in the Philippines; a permanent Census Bureau; created a new Department of Commerce and Labor; gave government irrigation to the arid land in the West; and provided for the building of the Isthmian canal; and in its trust program provided for an anti-rebate law, for expediting suits brought under the Sherman anti-trust law, and for the appointment of two Assistant Attorneys-general. A law establishing a national militia was enacted, and a general staff was created for the army; the Spanish war revenue taxes were repealed, a new bankruptcy act was adopted; the gold standard was extended to the Philippines, where, also, a system of currency was provided for, while three millions were given to relieve distress in the islands; the personnel of the navy was increased, and five new battle-ships were provided for; the Alaskan treaty was ratified, and a host of other laws were enacted not forgetting the record-breaking appropriation acts which aggregate over a billion, five hundred million dollars.

Many important measures failed, and the President called an extra session of the Senate to ratify the Panama canal and Cuban reciprocity treaties. The swearing in of new senators at this extra session, among whom was Utah's new senator, Hon. Reed Smoot, as well as the discussion of the omnibus statehood bill, brought prominently before the country the "Mormon" problem, so called.

Notwithstanding the many important measures considered, and the many others that failed of consideration, the senators found time to spend days in discussing the alleged danger there is

to this country in the spread and growth of the Latter-day Saints. Almost every feature of our belief and spiritual and temporal practice was handled for and against. Pages of the *Record* are full of discussion and long quotations from the revelations and from our history, may be found, including the articles of faith, as well as many stories true and false concerning us. Undoubtedly the underlying motive in much if not all of this talk was political. It was desired that the statehood bill should be killed; and it was evidently considered that no question could so divert the people, and at the same time serve as a splendid time-killer, and excuse for delay, as discussing the "Mormons." One pleasant feature, however, showing that a more favorable view of us is being taken by the intelligent leaders of the nation, was the tendency to view the evil and exaggerated charges of church domination and polygamy with a spirit of mock-earnestness. This was evident even in the language of our most unreasonable opponents. Another point was the favorable words from senators who appeared to be the most earnest in advocacy of the statehood measure, and who transmitted that earnestness to their remarks about the Saints. Senators Stewart of Nevada, Teller of Colorado, Warren and Clark of Wyoming, and Dubois of Idaho, were especially and in all truth, complimentary. A few truths from the first named must suffice here:

Here is the "Mormon" church. Its founders constituted a devoted band. I have been familiar with them for more than fifty years. I have visited repeatedly in their homes. I have traveled through their territory. Whatever may be said of them, they live more closely to their own creed and their own ideas of morality, and maintain them with more rigidity than almost any other people I ever saw. As they understand morality, they have always been moral. \* \* \* \* They have their own religious sentiments. They have their own creed which they observe and believe in as fervently as do the adherents of any other church. They attend divine services regularly. They have their Sunday Schools. They have their means of disseminating religious information, and they have dropped the one thing that the American people condemned as immoral.

Now, there is another thing about the people of Utah. I do not want to sit down until I have borne my testimony to the great good that they have done to this country. Those people went to Utah on account of their religion. They went to a country where irrigation was not known. The Anglo-Saxon had never prosecuted agriculture by irrigation. It never had been done. We came from a country where we relied only on rainfall. The "Mormons" went to that great desert region and they suffered hardships which can scarcely be described until they worked out the experiment of raising crops by means of irrigation.

I was at an irrigation convention at Salt Lake City some ten or twelve years ago, and President Woodruff and Mr. Cannon stood in the rear of the audience,

and without consulting the audience, I announced that it was the unanimous desire that they should be heard. I did not put it to a vote because everybody was against "Mormonism." It was a Gentile convention, composed of a thousand or fifteen hundred people. I brought those gentlemen right forward, and the story those two old men told of the inauguration of irrigation, and the hardships they endured, brought tears to the eyes of more than half the audience, and when they were through it was necessary to adjourn, and the audience asked to shake hands with them. The old gentlemen told me that was the entering wedge which brought communication between them and the Gentiles.

This friendship and communication has banished polygamy. Those people by their industry and economy have built a great State in what was denounced as a desert. It has enabled those people to enjoy the blessings of free government and enabled the people of the United States to enjoy the fruits of a great industrial people in the heart of the desert. That has shown to the world what can be done. \* \* \* \* Now, why speak of those people as if they had committed some crime? If they had not given up polygamy, it would be different. But in this question of States, why bring them in collaterally and discuss their conduct? Outside of polygamy, they compare favorably with the conduct of the Puritans or any other people who ever landed on these shores. If you go and see their homes, see their thrift, see their industry, see their domestic happiness, you will not have it in your heart to raise your hand or your voice against them. \* \* \* \* The suspension of the practice of polygamy has not killed the energies of the "Mormon" people any more than witchcraft killed the energies of New England and prevented its growth. The industrious people who came there built up New England, and they have gone on, and they are now among the most enlightened people on earth. So it is coming to pass in Utah. They educate their young men and their young women, and when they come here they are able to cope with the brightest young men and women in all the United States. Do not speak ill of them. They do not deserve it. It will not do any good to denounce them in this debate.

And then, these remarks are made concerning the political influence of the Church which, I am free to confess, is a wild fantasy in the brains of ministers and political malcontents, who, for lack of patronage and place, delight in sensation and lies. The Church is not in politics. The "Mormons" individually are free to vote as they please, to join any party that they please, and are never disciplined or brought to answer for any political act or opinion that they may perform or sustain. That is the position of the Church. Here is what Senator Teller has to say:

We have had in the state of Colorado for twenty-five years a considerable population of "Mormons." I do not myself believe that there has ever been any interference politically by the "Mormon" Church with these communities. I think those of them who came from Utah had their political ideas very largely formed before they came to Colorado. \* \* \* \* \*

In Colorado they divide politically, with a preponderance very largely towards the Republican party, and I understand very well why that is. The founders of the "Mormon" Church were great believers in the doctrine of pro-

tection. That was one of their cardinal economic ideas. Their purpose was to manufacture and produce everything in the community in which they lived that it was possible to produce or manufacture, and to buy as little from the outside as possible. And notwithstanding at one time they felt there was very decided persecutions on the part of the General Government, which was then in the hands of a Republican administration, very distinguished members of that Church maintained their allegiance to the Republican party.

I agree with the Senator from Idaho that the Church is all-powerful, and whenever the Church does speak through its first presidency I have no doubt the great body of the Church would respond to the demand made. But that such a demand is made or ever has been made, so far as our people are concerned, I very much doubt. That power which the Church secured to itself in its early days has been a great agent in colonizing and supporting that section of the country.

Mr. President, I had an opportunity of knowing the very first founders of this Church. Some of them came from the immediate neighborhood in the State of New York where I was born and brought up, and nearly forty years ago I came in contact with these people in Utah. I think in all the history of this country there has never been gathered together a more remarkable class of men than that which gathered in Utah in the early history of that territory. They were men of great ability, many of them men of fine education, some of them classical scholars of note. I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that at one time the finest Hebrew scholar on the continent was a member of the "Mormon" hierarchy. They were Greek scholars; they were historians; and they had that enthusiasm which alone carried success in an enterprise of that character. \* \* \*

Now, as to the power of the Church, that cannot be destroyed by legislation. It is undoubtedly a misfortune that it should prevail, but to some extent it prevails in every religious organization on the continent. In a political contest I have seen the power of pretty nearly every great church in the United States influencing the voter, undoubtedly with the thought that it was a proper thing to do; and I do not mean to say that sometimes that interference may not be a good thing in the interests of the morals of the people. \* \* \* \* \*

The "Mormons" are not people who devote themselves much to politics. They are as industrious, debt-paying, law-abiding a people as there are anywhere on the continent.

In view of all this, and many more truths that have been and could be told of the Latter-day Saints as good citizens, what shall be said of ministers and politicians who profess to tremble and fear because of the influence that such a people might exert in the councils of the nation? One is constrained to pronounce them hypocrites. Are not a people with the religious, moral, intellectual and industrial endowments such as the Latter-day Saints possess and exercise, a power for great good in the nation to which they belong? Then why should their ablest and strongest men be denied any right to which the best American may aspire? There is no legitimate reason why.

A good Latter-day Saint is a good citizen in every way. I desire to say to the young men of our community: be exemplary Latter-day Saints, and let nothing deter you from aspiring to the greatest positions which our nation has to offer. Having secured a place, let your virtue, your integrity, your honesty, your ability, your religious teachings, implanted in your hearts at the knees of your devoted "Mormon" mothers, "so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

*Joseph F. Smith.*

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### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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#### *Rights of Local Patriarchs.*

Has a local patriarch the right to give blessings outside of his own district?

He may have the right, but it might not be proper. No person should act in any of the offices of the priesthood without a calling. When any person is about to act in any capacity in the priesthood, let him ask: Am I called to do this by proper authority, local or general? If he can say yes to that question, then he has the right to perform any of the ordinances that the priesthood which he holds, and the office which he occupies, entitle him to perform, otherwise it might be highly improper for him to act. If a local patriarch is visiting friends or relatives outside of his stake, and is asked for a blessing, he is at liberty to give it; but it would be improper for him to travel outside of his stake to solicit patronage as a patriarch. See also ERA, vol. 6, number 3, page 233.

#### *The Tribe of Levi.*

Is the tribe of Levi (who was appointed to the priestly office) now numbered as one of the Twelve Tribes? If so, do we not have thirteen tribes?

For a reply, the questioner is referred to ERA, vol 5, page 720, and vol. 6, page 70.

*Lay Members.*

Who are lay members of the Church?

Those may be considered lay members of the Church who are not ordained to the priesthood, and children of Latter-day Saint parentage who are under eight years of age.

*Hostility to Jacob.*

In Manual, 1902-3, page 17, sub. 9, we find the statement: Jacob and his family had been providentially sent down into Egypt, to escape destruction at the hands of the hostile peoples who surrounded them in Canaan. Where can we find authority to support the statement of "hostility" and threatened destruction?

As to actual hostilities on the part of the Canaanites towards the Hebrews, the Bible history is full of instances. From the time of the "battle of the kings," referred to in Genesis 14, down to the close of the conflict between King David and the scattered Canaanite tribes, this "hostility" is clearly shown. There is no doubt as to the existence of a deadly hostility. Regarding the threatened destruction of the Hebrews, it need only be said, that at the time of going down into Egypt, the Hebrews numbered only seventy souls. It seems reasonable that so small a family, surrounded by powerful, hostile tribes, would be in imminent danger of extinction. It seems providential that they were taken into Egypt, where they were surrounded for a long time by a friendly populace, there they could develop into a powerful nation, capable of returning at a later time to conquer the land of Canaan. The statement in the Manual is based upon the above facts and inferences. Geike and other Bible commentators take this view of the case.

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CORRECTION.

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In Elder Roberts' "Reply," in the ERA for February, 1903, page 251, through an error in printing, the following corrections should be made:

Instead of *maach* read *naaseh*.

Instead of *betsalman* read *be-tsalmenu*.



## IN LIGHTER MOOD.

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It is said that a young officer at the front recently wrote to his father: "Dear Father —Kindly send me £50 at once; lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means." The answer was: "My dear Son—As this is the fourth leg you have lost, according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and wobble along on any others you may have left."—*Tit Bits*.

"This is my son Frederick, Mr. Stephens," said Mrs. Saunders, introducing her five-year-old son.

"Well, Frederick," said the visitor, "do you always obey your mama like a good boy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frederick promptly, "and so does papa."—*Stray Stories*.

A story is told of a canny Scot who dealt in old horses, alternating his spells of labor with heavy sprees. During the period of depression which followed each overindulgence, John habitually took to bed, and there diligently studied the family Bible. During one of these fits of attempted reformation his conditon prompted his wife to call in the Rev. Mr. Wallace, the parish minister, who at the time happened to be passing.

"Oh, Maister Wallace, come in and see oor John, he's rale bad."

"What's wrang wi' him?"

"He's feart to meet his Makker," said Mrs. John.

Quick as fire came the crushing reply:

"Humph; tell'm he needna be feart for that; 'he'll never see'm."—*New York Tribune*.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret that I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.

What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss? One sews seams nice, and the other seems so nice.

## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

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LOCAL—*February* 15—A Salt Lake sleighing party of ten young people was run into by a Rio Grande special, and Miss Pearl Qualls, one of the number was killed.....Mary Woodruff, born Salt Lake October 22, 1867, died in Provo.....The Pleasant Grove meeting house was burned; loss \$6000.....Phineas Howe Young, the youngest son of Brigham Young, age 41, died in Salt Lake.....16—Senator-elect Reed Smoot, and State Chairman Jas. H. Anderson leave for Washington.....Isaac Goff, Sen., born England, July 1, 1812, a pioneer of 1863, died in West Jordan.....17—The temperature is steadily rising, and the cold spell is over.....Many sheep die in Tooele and Juab counties owing to the cold and deep snows.....18—Samuel Paul, chief of Salt Lake Police, resigned .....19—William Giles, born in England 82 years ago, and an old resident of Springville, Utah co., died.....21—Walter C. Farrow received fatal injuries at his post as motorman in a street car collision, in Salt Lake, caused by a dense fog.....John S. McAfee, a pioneer of Provo valley, born Ireland, March 23, 1819, died in Lehi. He was a mason of the 33d degree, and also a member of the Church which he joined early in life.....22—Owing to severe cold weather many cattle are dying in Kanarra, and other southern settlements.....23—David Smith, aged 70 years, a son of the Prophet Joseph Smith is reported very ill in the asylum at Elgin, Ill.....25—Dr. Edwin Bingham, born Vermont, May, 1833, a pioneer of 1847, died in Ogden.....The University of Utah and the Agricultural College reach an agreement on the courses of study.....The home of Alfred Bell, Salt Lake, is destroyed by fire. Mrs. Bell is badly burned in rescuing her babe.....26—Rev. J. L. Leilich, representing the Salt Lake Ministerial Association filed a protest against seating Reed Smoot in the Senate; the statement declares that Smoot is a polygamist and now has a plural wife.....27—The Ministerial

Association protest that Leilich does not represent them in charging Smoot with polygamy, and deprecate his charges as tending to obscure the main issue.....28—Resolutions favoring Reed Smoot are passed by the Idaho House of Representatives.....A statuette of Paul Revere has been presented to the Springville public schools by sculptor C. E. Dallin, and a painting by John Hafen.

*March 1*—A number of legislators go to Ogden to inspect the State Industrial School.....Jos. S. Williams, master mechanic of the Consol. Ry. & Power Co., a resident of Utah for 40 years, died in Salt Lake.....3—Mt. Pleasant entertains its old folks at a pleasant social.....Sarah Kemp Dye, born England, 1823, wife of Richard Dye, a member of the Church since 1858, died in Provo; and Daniel Page, age 75, at Parowan, last night.....4—Legislative committees were named to investigate conditions at the State Industrial School, on request of President Angus T. Wright, of the Board of Trustees.....5—Hon. Reed Smoot was sworn in as United States Senator from Utah, without opposition, at the opening of the special session of the Senate, all the protests being referred to the committee for further action.....Several inches of snow fell in the Salt Lake valley, the State generally being visited by a blustering snow storm.....The trustees of the State Industrial School ask for additional appropriations.....6—John Burns and John W. Taylor reach Salt Lake and tell of their thrilling escape from death in a snowslide in Oak Brush canyon, Tooele co., which killed their companion, Frank Burns.....8—There is more snow on Gold Mountain than for many years past.....After two days of examination the State Industrial School Legislative committee complete their labors in Ogden.....9—The Utah Art Institute's annual exhibit opens in Salt Lake.....Thirteen cars of live cattle were shipped from Lehi to Alberta, Canada.....The Utah Sugar Co. will convert 1,750,000 pounds of syrup into brown sugar in a sixty-five day run by the osmose process.....10—Both houses of the Legislature pass the irrigation bill.....Col. A. B. Hayes, Ogden, is nominated by President Roosevelt solicitor of Internal Revenue at Washington, salary \$4500.....The Legislative committee report exonerating the board of trustees and the supt. of the State Industrial School, and lightly censure teacher Wallace.....11—Diphtheria breaks out at the State School for the Deaf and Dumb, Ogden.....C. E. Thorstensen, former manager of the Ogden Woolen Mills and lately manager of the Salt Lake Knitting works is found dead in bed in Ogden, cause being an overdose of nerve medicine

which produced heart failure.....12—D. H. Wells, Jr., a well-known attorney and Philippine soldier, died in Salt Lake.....13—The District judges on suggestion of County Attorney Westervelt, decide to call a grand jury to investigate local conditions, polygamy among them.....E. M. Allison, Jr., President of the Senate, attacks Speaker Hull of the House over Industrial School investigation. Speaker Hull replied in few words denying the charges made, and closing his remarks in reference to Allison with the proverb: It is a waste of lather to shave an ass.....William Harrison, born England, June 15, 1805; and Josiah T. Arrowsmith, born in England, May 24, 1829, pioneers of 1855 and 1854, died in Provo.....14—The funeral of "Scot" Wells is held from St. Marks cathedral.....15—The fifth Legislative assembly adjourned at 7:45 p. m. after a session of 63 days.....The Governor named Hoyt Sherman, Samuel Newhouse, L. W. Shurtliff, and Willis Johnson, commissioners to the Louisiana purchase fair, St. Louis, 1894, for which the Legislature appropriated, \$50,000; and Hiram B. Clawson, George P. Holman, A.B. Lewis and Fred. J. Kiesel, for the Lewis and Clarke exposition in Portland, 1905, for which \$10,000 was appropriated.....The Legislative appropriation bill amounts to \$1,525,000 for the next two years.

DOMESTIC—*February* 15—Lieutenant-General Miles arrives in New York after a five-months' trip around the world.....Andrew Carnegie offers to pay \$360,000 to Venezuela, to pay the German claims .....16—The Senate confirms the nomination of George B. Cortelyou as secretary of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor, he having been nominated by the President today.....17—The President names secretary Root and Senators Lodge and Turner as members of the Alaskan Boundary Commission; Canada protests against the appointment of the two last named.....18—Mr. Cortelyou takes the oath of office as secretary of Commerce and Labor.....Justice Shiras resigns from the U. S. Supreme Court.....19—The Coal Strike Commission meets in Washington to begin the preparation of its report.....20—The President signs the Elkins anti-rebate bill.....21—In an address at the corner-stone laying of the Army War College, Washington, President Roosevelt says that the nation must be well armed to fulfil her mission as a world power.....22—Washington's birthday is generally observed.....23—The Supreme Court decides that Congress has the right to prohibit the carriage of lottery tickets from one state to the other.....24—The President signs an agreement whereby the United States requires two naval stations in Cuba.....Minister Bowen proposes that the Czar be asked to name the arbitrators in the Venezuelan question at the Hague.....26—Mabini, former Filipino president, takes the oath of allegiance to the United States .....President Roosevelt speaks in New York at the bicentenary celebration of the birth of John Wesley.....27—Colonel Santos, a Ladrone leader, is captured.

*March* 1—A letter is published in which President Roosevelt defends his negro policy.....2—The President calls a special session of the Senate.....3—Judge Adams, of the U. S. Circuit Court St. Louis, issues an injunction to prevent a strike of the trainmen's

union on the Wabash railroad.....The British government accepts the invitation of the United States to participate in the St. Louis exposition; and it is announced that Spain will have an exhibit there. ....Rear Admiral A. S. Crowninshield is placed on the retired Navy list at his own request.....4—The 57th Congress ends with the usual formalities.....5—The Senate meets in special session, and receives a message from President Roosevelt urging ratification of the Panama Canal and Cuban Reciprocity treaties. ....Several new senators are sworn in, among them Senator Smoot of Utah .....Dr. Wm. D. Crum, a negro, was again nominated Collector of Customs at Charleston, S. C.....7—The cruiser *Chattanooga* is launched at Elizabethport, N. J.....Director of Census William R. Merriam resigned to become vice-president of a private corporation.....Dresser & Co., New York, failed for \$1,250,000 .....8—Rioting occurs in Waterbury, Conn., in connection with the street railway strike there.....The Union Pacific granted an increase of employees wages, over its system.....9—The Mississippi overflows, rendering many people homeless.....The Wabash road employees seek to dissolve the strike injunction.....10—Carl E. Badger, private secretary to Senator Smoot arrives in Washington.....High water in Nebraska causes much damage to railroads; and heavy snow storms in Kansas causes the death of many cattle.....11—Sankey, the noted evangelist, has lost his eyesight .....12—The U. P. and Postal Telegraph Co. reach an agreement by which the latter gets a right of way to the Pacific coast.....13—Federal Judge at Cincinnati issues an order restraining the U. P. from voting Southern Pacific stock, and orders the former to show cause at Nashville why the order should not be made permanent.....14—An invention to make the deaf hear arouses great interest in New York.....15—J. Whittaker Wright, a London promotor, is arrested in New-York, accused of being concerned in colossal frauds .....The American Tract Society reports 1,776,000 tracts printed and distributed in the country in the past twelve months; and that by means of colporteur wagons Christian literature is placed in the homes of the "Mormons" for the express purpose of reaching the children.

FOREIGN.—*February 15*—Turkey completes the massing of an army of 100,000 men on the Bulgarian frontier.....Memorial services are held at the wreck of the *Maine* in Havana harbor.....16—President Palma, Cuba, signs the naval coaling-stations agreement with the U. S.....17—Parliament reopens, and the King refers to the Alaskan, Venezuelan, and Turkish questions in his speech.....18—Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, at Cape Town, admits that he is less hopeful of good results from his visit.....19—Diplomatic relations are resumed between Germany and Venezuela.....Andrew Carnegie is said to be arranging for a site for a "Peace Palace" at The Hague.....20—The completion of Leo XIII's 25th year as Pope is celebrated at Rome.....The Mexican Monetary Conference meets in Mexico City.....22—Korea rejects the Russian demand for a railway concession.....23—The Sultan of Turkey agrees to adopt the scheme for reforms in Macedonia.....24—Russia asks the cooperation of the powers to stop the illegal importation

of firearms into China.....25—King Edward proposes sending Queen Victoria's jubilee presents to the St. Louis exposition..... Secretary Chamberlain sails from Cape Town for England..... 27—The Pope receives the diplomatic corps at Rome..... President Palma signs the Cuban soldiers Pay Loan Bill, authorizing a 35-million dollar bond issue..... A hurricane sweeps over Great Britain..... Kwang Si rebels in South China ambush and kill five hundred Chinese troops.....28—Queen Wilhelmina consents to name an umpire in event of disagreement between the Venezuelan arbitrators, in preferential claims.

*March* 1—Jose Batele Ordonez is elected president of Uruguay .....2—Several of the captured Venezuela warships are returned to Venezuela.....The Powers object to English as the official language at the Venezuelan hearing at The Hague.....3—The 25th anniversary of the Coronation of Pope Leo XIII is celebrated in St. Peters, Rome.....5—Great Britain announces its intention to establish a naval base in the North Sea..... Failure of the rice crop is causing famine in Japan.....6—Earthquakes in Saxony drove hundreds of people from their homes in terror..... 7—Renewed anti-clerical feeling is caused in France by a decision of the court of appeal which found a Roman Catholic charitable institution guilty of cruelty.....8—The Pope received 5000 pilgrims at the Vatican.....10—Many people are killed by a cyclone in North Queensland.....11—There are daily battles reported between the Liberal and Conservative armies in Honduras..... The British capture 1000 of the followers of Mad Mullah in Arabia .....13—The relief society in Stockholm has received \$85,000 from America for the starving people of Sweden .....14—Secretary Chamberlain returns to London from South Africa, and is given a rousing reception.

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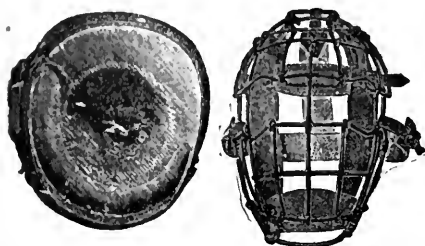
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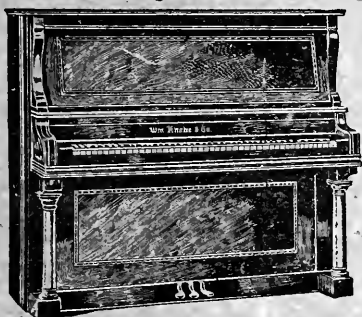
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